Vol. CXLI. No. 1835.

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THE BYSTANDER February 15, 1939.

The BYSTANDER

Dinner, Dance & Cabaret : A Going-Out Guide

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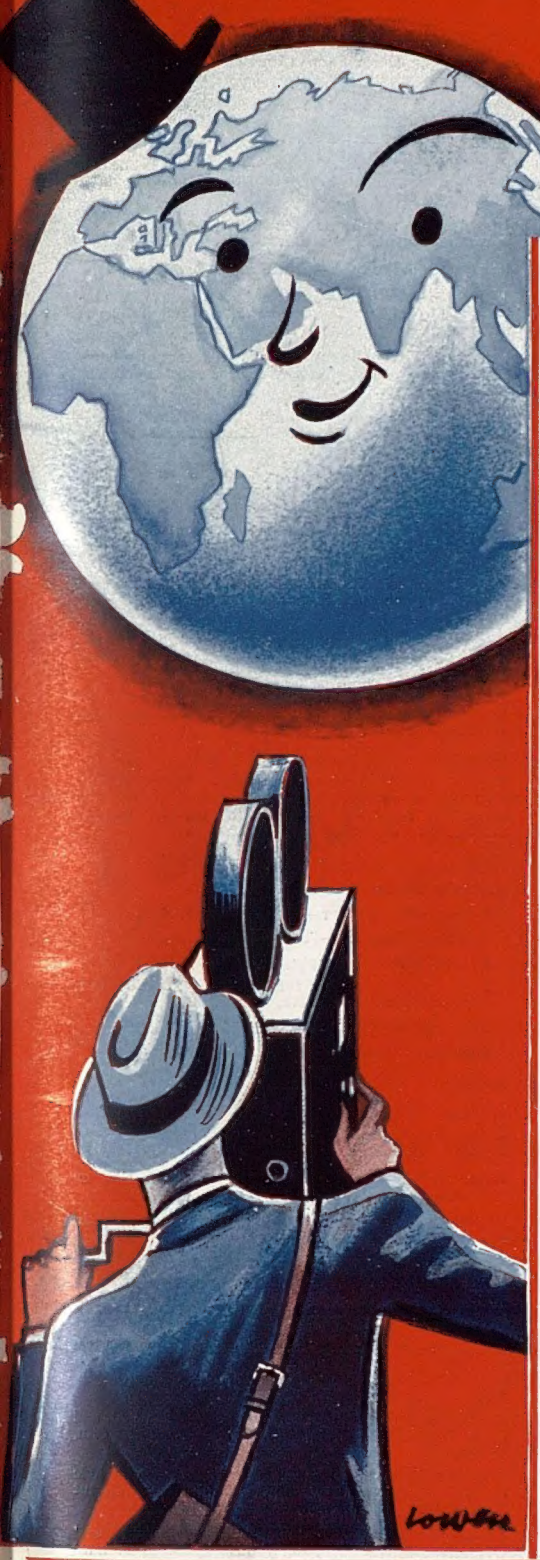

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

February 15—February 21

THEATRES

Straight Plays

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Athene Seyler as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud does justice to Dodie Smith's family portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DESIGN FOR LIVING.—Noel Coward's new-style triangle makes bright entertainment, not entirely satisfying; Rex Harrison delightfully at home, Diana Wynyard and Anton Walbrook not quite: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLASHING STREAM.—A mentally exciting evening is provided by clash of desires and ideals; Godfrey Tearle, Felix Aylmer, H. G. Stoker, Margaret Rawlings: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Cheap seats to see the hilarious comedy from the Criterion: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAS LIGHT.—An excellent psychological thriller; Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies as Dennis Arundell's tortured wife, Milton Rosmer to the rescue: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GENEVA.—Shaw's newest play is topical and stimulatingly Shavian; Cecil Trouncer, Donald Wolfit, Walter Hudd: St. James', 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Peggy Bryan, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOODNESS, HOW SAD!—Title explains this slight, jolly episode from a stage career; Jill Furse and Hugh Sinclair head a good cast: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST.—A polished and distinguished production of Wilde, with John Gielgud as Worthing, Edith Evans as Lady Bracknell, Margaret Rutherford as Miss Prism: Globe, matinées, Feb. 20th, 21st.

LITTLE LADYSHIP.—An improbable plot of a married girl who goes back to school is made good entertainment by Lilli Palmer and Cecil Parker: Strand, 8.30.

NORA.—Marius Goring's production of *The Doll's House*, with Lucie Mannheim in the name-part she played successfully abroad: Duke of York's, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

NUMBER SIX.—Gordon Harker, Franklyn Dyall, Rosalyn Boulter in an Edgar Wallace thriller: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan are the centre of a refreshing, humorous little matrimonial upheaval: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM FOR TWO.—Elsie Randolph, Hugh Wakefield, Henry Kendall in a bedroom comedy: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.—George Benson as Tony Lumpkin, Ursula Jeans, Edward Chapman, Margaret Yarde; swift production by Guthrie: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THEY WALK ALONE.—A play with obvious faults provides nevertheless melodramatic thrills by Beatrix Lehmann as a homicidal maid: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TONY DRAWS A HORSE.—Good light entertainment at the expense of Lilian Braithwaite's respectability, outraged by Diana Churchill: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

UNDER SUSPICION.—Walter FitzGerald and Patricia Hilliard head the cast in a new thriller: Playhouse, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—An excellent *soufflé* at the expense of Yorkshire marriage and morals; Priestley's sly points driven home by a strong cast: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

WORTH A MILLION.—Edmund Gwenn and Claude Hulbert deserve a better farce than this: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

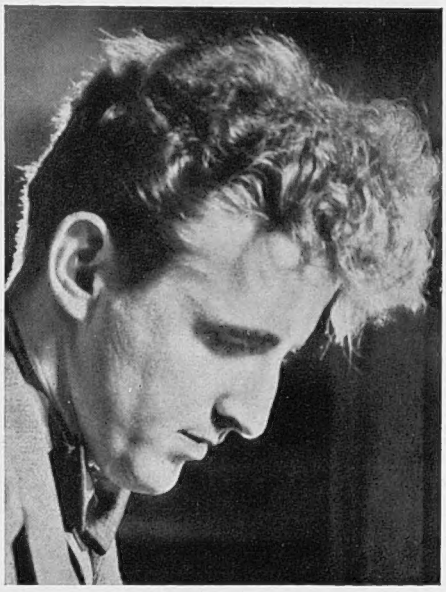
With Music

MAGYAR MELODY.—An efficient supply of Continental romance in old-world Hungary from Binnie Hale, Roger Treville: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.—Anne Leslie and Nancy Fraser as girl and boy, Albert Burdon and Clarkson Rose as comics: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 116.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.



Adrian Aeschbacher

The twenty-five-year-old Swiss pianist, who gave his first two London concerts last May, is playing again at the Wigmore Hall to-morrow evening (February 16th). He studied with Schnabel, has played all over Europe, and is among the most interesting and gifted of the younger pianists

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—The Crazy Gang's show is excellent entertainment value, with a lot of old friends and some new: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES, or what Americans call revues, can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9), and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

CINEMAS

ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES (American).—James Cagney and Pat O'Brien in a fine, fresh old-style thriller: Warner.

THE DAWN PATROL (American).—Basil Rathbone, Errol Flynn and David Niven in a thrilling account of the R.F.C.'s war activities: Warner (from Friday).

EDUCATION DE PRINCE (French).—Strong cast headed by Louis Jouvet, Elvire Popesco, Robert Lynen, in a Ruritanian satire: Curzon.

JUST AROUND THE CORNER (American).—Shirley Temple is good fairy to Charles Farrell: Gaumont.

KEEP SMILING (British).—Gracie Fields' new film: Regal.

THE MIKADO (British).—Geoffrey Toye's film is faithful—too faithful—to the Gilbert and Sullivan stage standard; magnificent technicolour: Leicester Square.

OUT WEST WITH THE HARDYS (American).—Lewis Stone paternal, Mickey Rooney filial, in another domestic comedy: Empire.

THE PATRIOT (French).—Harry Baur, Pierre Renoir, Suzy Prim in the Jannings' film story about Tsar Paul I. re-made: Studio One.

QUAI DES BRUMES (French).—A sombre and gripping drama of the lower world; Jean Gabin as a deserter, Michèle Morgan a lost girl: Academy.

STOLEN LIFE (British).—A lovely, romantic film, delicately photographed and well acted by Elisabeth Bergner and Michael Redgrave: Carlton.

THEY 'RE OFF (American).—The Ritz brothers expend much energy in a knockabout racing drama: New Gallery.

THE WARE CASE (British).—Great acting by Clive Brook as a charming villain; also Jane Baxter and Barry Barnes: Odeon.

ZAZA (American).—Claudette Colbert is supported by Herbert Marshall in a flurry of Can-Can and Hollywood Vie Parisienne: Plaza.

Premiere

TOPPER TAKES A TRIP (American).—Thorne Smith's hilarious impossibilities, with Roland Young and Constance Bennett; premiere in aid of housing associations: Odeon, to-night, 15th.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

FAUST, WITH BALLET.—To-night, 15th, 8.

SLEEPING PRINCESS.—Thurs., 16th, 8.30.

TANNHÄUSER.—Fri., 17th, 7.30.

HARLEQUIN IN THE STREET, WEDDING BOUQUET, CHECKMATE.—Sat., 18th, 2.30.

DON CARLOS.—Sat., 18th, 7.45.

SLEEPING PRINCESS.—Tues., 21st, 8.30.

MUSIC

Recitals and Chamber Music

BUSCH QUARTET.—Beethoven in F minor, Haydn in C, Mozart's Quintet in E flat: Wigmore Hall, Fri., 17th, 8.30.

LÉNER QUARTET.—Recitals at the Wigmore Hall on Sat., 18th, 3; and Tues., 21st, 8.30.

RACHMANINOFF.—Rameau, Bach, Beethoven, Rachmaninoff, Chopin, Liszt: Queen's Hall, Sat., 18th, 3.

MOISEIWITSCH.—Grieg, Schubert, Brahms, Paganini, Ravel, Rachmaninoff, Chopin: Palladium, Sun., 19th, 3.15.

Orchestral

B.B.C.—Boult conducts in Schubert's Italian style Overture, Dvorak's 4th Symphony, Brahms' Violin Concerto in D (Sammons): Queen's Hall, to-night, 15th, 8.15.

MAYER CHILDREN'S CONCERT.—Sargent, the L.P.O. and Louis Kentner: Central Hall, Westminster, Sat., 18th, 11 a.m.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—Programme will include Mozart's Concerto in D minor (Edna Iles): Covent Garden, Sun., 19th, 3.15.

L.S.O.—Weingartner conducts in Wagner's "Faust" Overture, Siegfried Idyll, and Venusberg Music, Brahms' 1st Symphony: Queen's Hall, Mon., 20th, 8.15.

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The Bystander

After Breaking a Record: Alex Henshaw

Breaking records is not always a matter of smiles and flowers, and this was again demonstrated by Alexander Henshaw, who was lifted dirty and dazed out of the cockpit of his Percival Mew Gull after he had sat there for three days, thereby breaking the England - Cape - England flying record. Henshaw's times were as follows, with Clouston's broken records in brackets: England-Cape, 1 day 15.25′ hours (1, 21.6′); Cape-England, 1 day 15.33′ hours (2, 9.23′); full trip, 4 days 10.16′ hours (5, 17). The twenty-four-year-old aviator intends to attack the Australian record next

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Prime Minister's pledge to France has been received pretty cautiously on the Continent. The question which they are all asking themselves is: "Does the pledge carry or does it not carry an automatic obligation for this country to go to war if France goes to war?" Part of the official Italian Press says one thing, and the other part says the exact opposite. It is significant, however, that the *Giornale d'Italia*, which is closer than any other newspaper to Signor Mussolini, describes the pledge as a military alliance between Great Britain and France which would operate immediately if France became involved in a war. In London nobody seems to be quite certain what it means.

THERE is something slightly comic in the position of the Italian Press about Mr. Chamberlain's pledge. Up till a few days ago, they were all shouting in unison that there was nothing solid in Great Britain's obligations to France. Now they have leapt nimbly in a back-somersault, and are shouting in just the same unison that they have known for months of a treaty of alliance between Britain and France.

MINORCA came dramatically into the news. It has been held by the Spanish Government ever since the beginning of the Civil War. Majorca, on the other hand, has been occupied by the Italians for at least two years. General Franco was anxious to capture Minorca, with a purely Spanish force, because the island has a first-class fortress at Port Mahon. The fortress was completely brought up to date a few years ago by a British firm. The only thing that puzzles me is why General Franco was so anxious to capture Minorca with Spaniards only, and why the British Government was so anxious to help him by mediating. Can it be that General Franco does not trust his allies to go away home after it's all over? Perish the thought. Over and over again they have promised to be good boys, and I am sure their promises are entirely trustworthy.

THERE is a good deal of uneasiness about the money which is going to be lent to Czechoslovakia. Sir John Simon has announced that part of the eight millions will be used for reconstruction, particularly on the building of new roads, and the Czechoslovak Government has promised that no part of the money will be used on military roads. But how is it possible to differentiate in these days between military and civil roads? The strategic position of Czechoslovakia between north and south Germany makes it practically inevitable that any new road will be of military value, and it is rather a bore, to put it mildly, if we have to pay for them.

NEXT week, the King launches the new battleship, the King George V. It will be the first battleship launched in this country for fourteen years, and the launching will be the first of a whole series during the next three months. The sister battleship, the Prince of Wales, follows in March, with two destroyers and a cruiser. Three more cruisers and an aircraft-carrier are scheduled for April, with some destroyers and smaller ships. In fact, the next three months will be the busiest for naval launching in peace-time on record.

THE Home Office has suddenly produced a new plan for air raid wardens, and wants to put them under local police instead of under local authorities. The reason for this is that the local authorities have an existing organisation for dealing with health, education, and so on, but not for dealing with a disciplined body of civilian soldiers, which is what, in effect, the air raid wardens are. A good many local authorities are very indignant at the transference of the wardens to the police, and a lot of wardens have resigned already. There isn't much doubt that the whole scheme of national service is in danger of being a dainty little flop. Then the next step would be conscription of some sort, and at least six months wasted.

MR. HERBERT MORRISON, London's Labour leader, was offered the post of London's dictator if a war came, and he has refused it. One reason for the refusal is that Mr. Morrison wants

***Colonel H. C. B. Wemyss** had hardly been sent up to the rank of Major-General on his appointment as director of mobilisation last month than he was sent down by 'flu, which prevented him taking over at the war office until last week. The post is a new one, created to simplify the functions of the director of recruiting and organisation (Major-General Barker)*

***Dr. Tevfik Rüstü Aras** last Thursday presented his letters of credence as Turkish Ambassador to the court of St. James, going to Buckingham Palace with eight members of his embassy under the wing of Sir Sidney Clive, marshal of the diplomatic corps*

Round the Restaurants

The "Bystander" monthly Going-Out Guide—"Dinner, Dance, and Cabaret"—will be found on pages A to D before the Frontispiece.

***Lady Astor,** president-elect of the Ladies' Golf Union, was one of the chief guests at the Union's annual dinner at Grosvenor House last week. Another, and her neighbour, was Sir George Langton (Mr. Justice Langton). More pictures and Miss Helme's account are on p. 250*

to be free to criticise the government in the House, and he would not be free to do so if he practically became a member of the government. The other reason is that he would probably be better employed at the County Hall, which he knows from back to front.

THE famous steel air-raid shelters are to be distributed soon in the big cities. They are to be given free of charge to most of the citizenry. No one will have to pay who is compulsorily insured under Health Insurance or has less than £250 a year. People who have back-yards or gardens are to sink the shelters three feet into the ground. But it hasn't yet been explained what people are to do who have no space available, and surely most of the people who live in small houses have no space. But as the shelters won't keep out a bomb anyway, it doesn't matter much.

TWO regiments of Regular Anti-Aircraft Artillery are coming into London to help the Territorials. This is all to the good, especially if they have got some nice guns and shells. Artillery is always so much better if it has got guns, and the guns themselves are so much better if they have proper sights.

Talking about gun-sights, it is announced from America that a firm which makes predictors for anti-aircraft guns is able to turn them out much faster than before because they are selling less good predictors to the British Government.

IT is typical of the French that they should receive unconditionally all the refugees from Catalonia, and that they should put them in camps and feed them. From time immemorial the French have given hospitality to refugees of whatever country, religion or political views. In the nineteenth century Great Britain also was generous with hospitality, but now is not quite so generous.

THE Parliamentary Agriculture Committee, which means all the Tory members who are interested in agriculture, was responsible for firing Mr. Morrison from the Ministry of Agriculture. The Committee has now sent a letter to Mr. Morrison thanking him for all the splendid work he did as minister. This is in the finest old tradition of chucking a man out and then saying what a fine fellow he is. In the war it used to take the form, of course, of promotion, and I shouldn't be surprised if Sir Thomas Inskip reached the Woolsack in the end.

THE American revenue agents have reopened a nice kettle of fish. They have levied duty on a painting by Utrillo on the ground that it was based on a picture post-card, and was not, therefore, "an original conception of art." The argument, therefore, proceeds to its logical conclusion that, as the picture is not a work of art, it is merely "a commercial product." It is strange that it should be left to American officials to bring up again the old story of art for art's sake. Surely they ought to know by this time that all art in these days is for money's sake.

NOW that Lord Chatfield has become Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence, another attempt is being made to push the idea of the Thames barrage. The people who want the barrage say that if a dam was put across the Thames at Woolwich the river would be turned into a lake, and shipping would be able to enter at all states of the tide. I don't fancy they will have any better luck this time than before. The main objection is that enemy aircraft could destroy it in no time if there was a war, and that objection seems to hold good to-day just as much as it did before.

THE experiment of reducing the price of theatre seats, which was begun last year at the Piccadilly Theatre, is to be extended next month to the Savoy. *Robert's Wife*, Mr. St. John Ervine's successful play, is to open the season at the Savoy on March 6th.

I am delighted to see that Mr. George Robey has recovered from his accident, and has returned to his pantomime part. Last week he was down at Bognor Regis, leaping about with the Portsmouth football team.

BOB LOCKE, the South African golfer, who was over here last year, is in good form in Africa. In the open championship of the Transvaal he finished twenty-six strokes ahead of the next man. Locke is undoubtedly a magnificent player, but he has a long way to go yet before he reaches the eminence of Mr. R. T. Jones, Junior, of Atalanta, Georgia. The acid test is the American open championship. Bobby Jones terrified all the American professionals. Locke has still got to do that.

A FOOTBALLER called Fred Steele was once one of the stars of Stoke City. Then he lost his nerve, and his play deteriorated so sadly that he was put out of the first eleven. In despair he went to a doctor who, it is rumoured, used hypnotism on Mr. Steele. But whatever he used, the fact remains that Mr. Steele is now in terrific form, and has scored ten goals in the last five games. There seems to be endless possibilities in this doctor. I would like to consult him myself on the subject of short putts.

***Lord Southwood** has been very active in charity work recently. Here he is seen at the Santa Claus home for children, Highgate, with Lady Southwood (left) and the Mayoress, where he appealed for funds. Last week, too, it was announced that his Christmas appeal for the wireless for the blind fund had realised £42,000*

***Emperor Haile Selassie** visited the film studios at Denham recently with his wife and daughter and was made the object of publicity photographs like the above, where their Majesties are posed with John Loder, Valerie Hobson, and director Herbert Mason. The Britons have been hired by Paramount to make a film appropriately called "Peace in Our Time"*

"Zaza" at the Plaza

What was once a moving, shocking play becomes an ordinary spectacular film with frillies and Claudette Colbert

Tragedy on the stage was confined by classical tradition to the great of the earth: emperors could go mad, princes be tortured by indecision, queens fall in love with their stepsons. But since *La Dame aux Camellias*, the woes of anyone from journalists to mannequins have become box-office. *Zaza* is an example, and a direct successor to Dumas fils' story. It burst upon Paris of the 'nineties with Réjane in the tear-wringing part of Zaza, and in 1899 delighted and shocked New York with its back-stage setting—itself not quite nice, then—and a wealth of legs in tights and frilly knickers. Now Paramount have filmed *Zaza*, and the Hays Office has taken out any naughty kick that might have been discernible to moderns. George Cukor, who made *Romeo and Juliet* and *Camille* for M.-G.-M., directed

***1. Claudette Colbert** gives a competent performance as the hot-blooded hoyden Zaza. The part of Cascart, partner in the act, has been given to a typical American comedian to relieve the film of sombreness: Bert Lahr. Cascart and Zaza are playing the Alcazar at St. Mery in 1904*

***2. At the Alcazar,** drinking their apéritifs, sit Bussy (Rex O'Malley) and an "elegant gentleman of the French upper class" with the elegant English face of Herbert Marshall and the elegant name of Dufresne. Zaza's penetrating eyes, used to appraising the audience, immediately spot Dufresne as the evening's kill and she proceeds to act to him. Bussy is delighted, but Dufresne remains cool*

***4. After the show,** Florianne, a fellow-trouper (Geneviève Tobin), jeers at Zaza for her failure to attract Dufresne. During the ensuing fracas, Zaza bets she will dine with him, gets at Bussy as intermediary, makes him promise to introduce Dufresne*

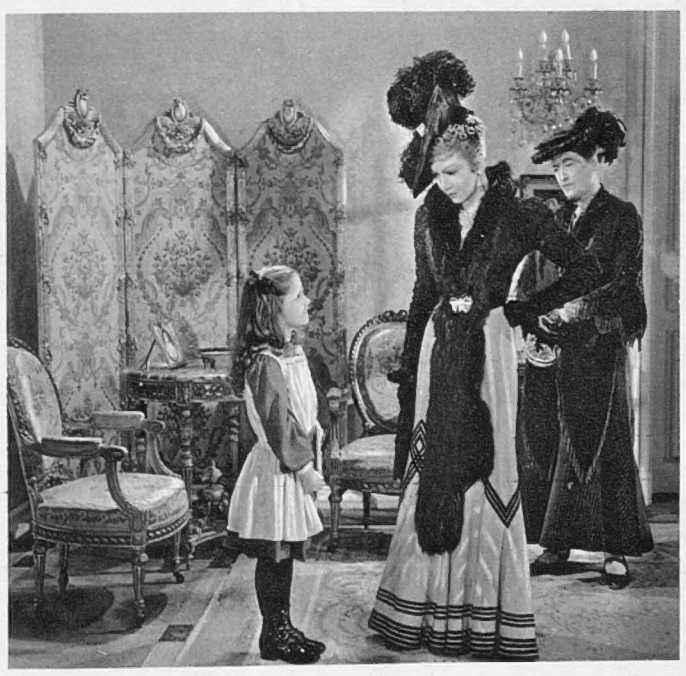
***5. Success** attends Zaza's efforts, Bernard Dufresne comes back-stage and cannot resist her frank advances, admitting he loves her. Idyllic months follow for the little variety artiste and the rich unknown monsieur. This picture shows how particularly un-French and un-1904 Marshall is*

***6. Under the influence** of acquires some fine manners. But he mysterious "business" trips to him part way in one of the Dufresne is away, Cascart dis-save Zaza's feelings and their act,*

3. ***In vain*** *Zaza waits back-stage in her cheap finery for the catch she hoped to make. The trunk is labelled "Cascart and Zaza, Entertainers De Luxe," and illustrates the mixture in decor of Frenchified and American detail*

8. ***Three years later*** *Zaza is toast of Paris, but when Dufresne visits her she begs him to let her forget, sings on stage to this effect and watches him slowly leave the theatre. Compare Zaza of 1907 with Zaza of 1904 (above)* →

Dufresne, Zaza loses zest for work and tells her little of himself and departs on Paris. On one of these, Zaza accompanies earliest European Wagon-Lits. While covers that Dufresne is married, and, to he tells her. She departs, raging, to Paris



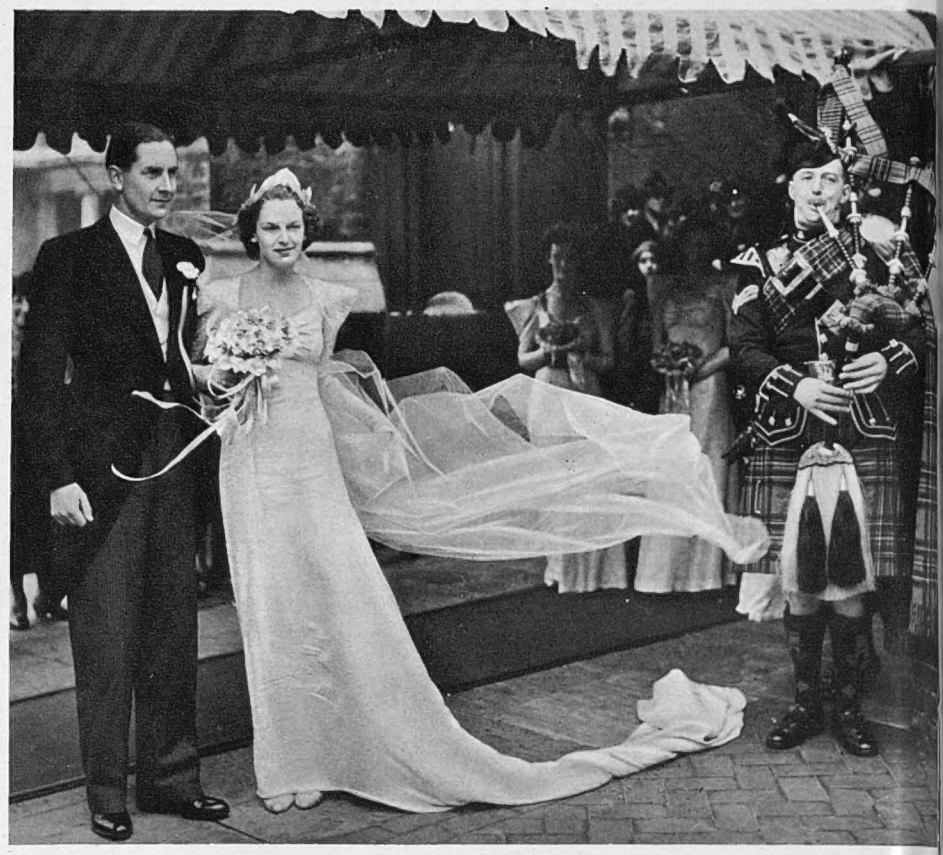
7. ***In Paris*** *she is welcomed at Dufresne's apartment by his six-year-old daughter, Toto, played by a child with the illustrious name of Ann Todd. (Zaza's companion is not Gordon Harker, but Constance Collier.) Softened by the prattle of the little innocent, Zaza walks out of Dufresne's life rather than ruin it and throws herself back into her art*

Social Register

FIVE WEDDINGS

Lt. Culme-Seymour, R.N. and Miss Street

Lt. Gerald Henry Hobart Culme-Seymour, R.N., and Constance Helen Street were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, by the Dean of Hereford. The bridegroom is the son of Lieut.-Comdr. and Mrs. Culme-Seymour, of Nairne Lodge, Duddingston, Edinburgh, the bride the daughter of the late Rendell Street, of Australia, and Mrs. Street, of 20, Ovington Gardens, S.W. Mr. and Mrs. Culme-Seymour are honeymooning in Switzerland



Capt. Wyndham-Quin Going and the Hon. Diana Betterton

Captain Richard Wyndham-Quin Going, K.O.S.B., is the elder son of the late James Denniston Going and Mrs. Going, of Vanessa, Hindhead, Surrey; Averil Diana Betterton is Lord and Lady Rushcliffe's elder daughter. They were married last Thursday at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, the bride's father giving her away, and were thereupon piped from the church by pipers from the bridegroom's regiment. Also of the K.O.S.B. was the best man, Mr. David Haig

A CHRISTENING

Mr. Beecham and Miss Cairn

Sir Thomas and Lady Beecham's eldest son, Adrian Welles Beecham, married Barbara Joyce Cairn at Chelsea Old Church. She is the daughter of the late Edward Cairn and the Hon. Mrs. Stratford Tollemache, of 156, Castelnau, and the Old Manor House, Halford, Warwickshire

Lady Charlotte Sarah Alexandra Talbot, Her Parents and a Godfather

The firstborn of England's premier Earl and Countess, Lord and Lady Shrewsbury, was christened at the church of her father's seat, Ingestre Hall, Stafford. As godparents she received Lady Howard de Walden, Mrs. Francis Clark, Miss Susan Otto, Major Humphrey Butler (here, left), and Lord Drogheda. Lady Shrewsbury was Nadine Crofton-Atkins before her marriage

Mr. G. M. C. Anderson and Miss R. M. Howard

Guy Michael Craigie Anderson and Rosemary Millicent Howard were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. He is the son of Mr. and the late Mrs. C. S. Anderson; she is the fourth daughter of Major Henry Howard, of Argyll Road, Kensington, and Mrs. Millicent Howard, of Little Tangley, Wonersh, Guildford. The Bishop of Lewes officiated

Mr. Gold and Miss Joan Cull

Patrick John Gold, the 22nd (Cheshire) Regiment, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Gold, of Delamere Cottage, Sandiway, Cheshire, married Joan Cull at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. She is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. K. Cull, of Dene Lodge, Ash Green, Surrey

NIGHT LIFE

More Gala at Monte Carlo

The trio on the left at the Sporting Club, Monte Carlo, are the Hon. Reggie Fellowes, Mme. Pierre Polovstoff, wife of General Polovstoff, the genial and popular president of the club, and M. James Hennessy, Sénateur, cognac king. He was host

On the right are Sir Charles and Lady Cayzer, who were at the silver jubilee dinner of the Cheshire Society in London. He has been M.P. for the City of Chester since 1922

Cheshiremen's Dinner in London

Extension Night at Ciro's

Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley took late supper at Ciro's last week, where Vi Bradley continued to fill a cabaret engagement. The famous club has now had its doors reopened to London's élite for nearly two years

First Night at the Strand

Mrs. Robin Grant, Mr. Gilbert Elliot, Lady Anne Elliot, and her husband, Mr. Alexander Elliot, went in a party to see Lilli Palmer and Cecil Parker in "Little Ladyship." Lady Anne Elliot is Lord Jersey's sister

Co-ordination at Hurstbourne Park: Lord Chatfield and his Daughter

One of last week's best news pictures was this of the new Minister for Co-ordination of Defence week-ending on the Whitchurch estate of his son-in-law, Mr. Patrick Donner, M.P. for Basingstoke. Like Mr. Gladstone, Lord Chatfield's preoccupation appears to be tree-cutting but unlike Mr. Gladstone, he is aided in his lumberjacking by a daughter dressed in trousers tied under the knee. Katharine Medina are her names, the second coming from the ship which took King George V. to India under Captain Chatfield's command in 1911. The noble and gallant Lord's appointment to the post vacated by Sir Thomas Inskip was a good move by the government, and with a farmer at the Ministry of Agriculture and a sailor in Defence, cabinet critics have been dished, if only temporarily. One of Lord Chatfield's first jobs will presumably be to submit his committee's report on Indian defence to himself

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Gas Light" (Apollo)

THE writer of modern thrill plays will have won half the battle if he can hit on a new way of signalling dirty work at the cross-roads; for, as Sir Philip Sidney said, fear is more pain than is the pain it fears, and invisible horrors are (especially in the theatre) worse than horrors beheld. So the swinging gate, the howling dog, the banging shutter serve their turn until the night arrives when they thrill us no more than the clackity-clack of horses' hoofs in the wings. Then, to herald murder, along comes the far-from-merry organ, of which Mr. Charles Laughton was the earliest and Miss Beatrix Lehmann is the latest exponent—"pull out the stop, and then pull out the stop." And now, at the Apollo, there is gas light. When the gas in the living-room, mainly inhabited by Mrs. Manningham and a detective, goes down, it means that Mr. Manningham, the worst man in Pimlico, who thinks everybody thinks he 's out, has lit the gas upstairs, having arrived through the roof. When the gas in the living-room goes up, it means that Mr. Manningham is sneaking out again. An excellent device, even if the effect of lighting one extra jet is so gloom-making that two, it seems, would plunge the whole house into complete darkness.

GAS apart, Mr. Patrick Hamilton has written a thriller of real quality, a thriller with style as well as strength, with a sense of period in dialogue as well as in décor, and with a sense of character which makes Nancy, the parlourmaid, say just what she would say when Mr. Manningham illicitly embraces her. Moreover, Mr. Manningham is so oppressively cruel to his unhappy wife that it is a tremendous relief, even to a hardened dramatic critic, when a stranger turns up to champion her. Excellent actor though he is, never have I been so glad to see Mr. Milton Rosmer, which is a great tribute to the author, who succeeds in making us really anxious—a finer art than that of making us really frightened. Later, we rejoice in Mr. Rosmer for his acting alone. And Mr. Dennis Arundell, though I never understood *why* Mr. Manningham was trying to convince his wife that she was insane, achieves the best performance of his rising career—as hard as wood, as smart as a tailor's dummy, and about as sympathetic as varnish.

BUT the triumph of the evening belongs to Miss Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies, than whom no actress can suffer more subtly, more poignantly, more truly. This performance comes very near to great acting. There is an unforgettable moment when, driven almost out of her mind and challenged furiously by her husband to repeat a question he has just asked her, she struggles simultaneously for thoughts to express and words to express them—but there are many unforgettable moments in this intensely moving performance. So, when playgoers are discussing the finest acting on the stage to-day, they will mention Miss Ffrangçon-Davies in *Gas Light*, as well as Miss Edith Evans in *The Importance of Being Earnest* and Miss Margaret Rutherford in *Spring Meeting*. We have actresses indeed!

Left: Didactic homicide: Dennis Arundell

Right: Scotch courage for a weakening mind: Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies

Sketches by Rouson

Dentistry on the desk: Milton Rosmer

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Can you spare the rod?
I want to spoil a child "

ANY doubts in the minds of the populace that Broadcasting House is practically a State department were removed on the night of Hitler's last speech, when the boys responsible for the customary news-bulletin to Germany doggedly broadcast it as usual, though they knew the entire German nation (and probably its dogs and cats as well) was listening to the barkings of the Fuehrer. This waste of time, effort, and money by devotion to the god Routine aroused such admiring excitement in Whitehall, a chap tells us, that several Civil Servants Class I. temporarily lost their reason and on arriving home for dinner enfolded their petrified wives in a clammy embrace, like old damp umbrellas. A certain modest pride of achievement was still perceptible among the B.B.C. high-ups themselves when we visited those marble halls the other evening, and the boys received our congratulations with quiet dignity but evident pleasure. Their self-esteem needed a little restoring, perhaps, after their recent brush with the astrologers, those solemn morons having accused the B.B.C. of treating their " science " frivolously in a recent broadcast series ; which seems a nice lampoon on the Island Race. Not only does every newspaper except the *Times* keep a tame astrologer nowadays, but astrologers are assuming sacerdotal status (like registrars) and giving themselves incredible airs. Possibly the growing mania for prophecy encourages them. There never was a time, in our belief, when so many major and minor prophets, political, journalistic and other, swarmed about the world. From Madame Tabouis of *L'Œuvre* to the original Old Moore on a London Sunday paper (we forget which), from Granfer H. G. Wells—the only relatively successful soothsayer living—to tiny little unknown homuncules springing up on the leader-pages overnight like mushrooms, scores of eager boys and girls seem to spend their waking hours forecasting future events at the tops of their shrill little pens. But let 'em be careful how far they go. Christopher Dawson recently remarked very cogently that no Government of any country in the present world would have tolerated the Prophet Jeremiah. He 'd have been slung in the cooler long ago for " conduct prejudicial to the public interest."

Gem

" CIVILISED " is the word, we thought —so did the *Times* boy—for Mr. Gielgud's revival of the loveliest cock-eyed comedy in English, *The Importance of Being Earnest.* When you hear lines like—

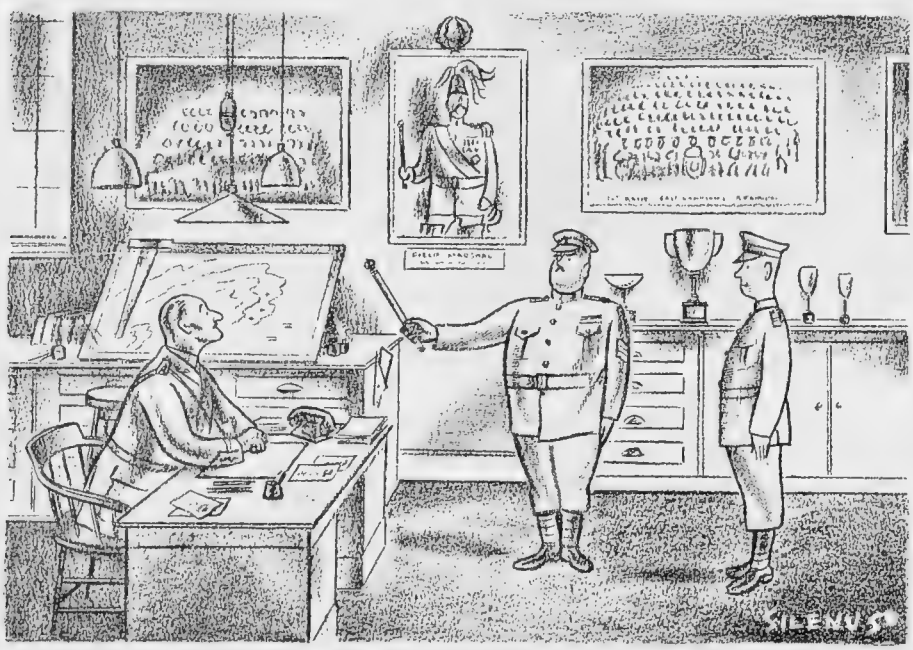
" I hear her hair has turned quite gold from grief."

" The General was essentially a man of peace, except in his domestic life."

" Lady Dumbleton is a case in point. To my own knowledge she has been thirty-five ever since she arrived at the age of forty, which was many years ago now."

" The absence of old friends one can endure with equanimity. But even a momentary separation from anyone to whom one has just been introduced is almost unbearable."

—spoken as they should be, you realise that Wilde's jewels are from Cartier's and most other playwrights' from Woolworth's. And the curious thing about this brilliantly urbane bit of fooling is that it was dashed off very rapidly at Worthing, as dully respectable a little British seaside town as anyone could imagine. (Hence the name of the principal character, John Worthing.) Trying to imagine Wilde in Worthing is as difficult as trying to imagine Beau Brummel in Manchester (yes, he once lived there, in garrison with the Tenth Hussars) or Rivarol in exile at Hamburg, or The Macdonell, clove carnation and all, in Tooting, a suburb for which he has a passionate esteem. But there it is, and another fantastic gem packed with wit and wisdom, which gave its creator no trouble to speak of, is G. K. Chesterton's *Magic,* which he wrote in four days. Somebody said one day casually to Chesterton, " Why don't you write a play about something ? " so he sat down and wrote it. Just like that. Bing ! No effort at all. It 's disheartening, it 's annoying, it 's inhuman, it 's unfair, it 's terrible, and it must be the greatest fun on earth.



" 'E says 'e found it in 'is 'aversack, Sir "

Asylum

THE booksy boys are all a-chatter about Kelmscott Manor, Oxfordshire, which the daughter of the eminent Victorian poet and craftsman William Morris has just bequeathed them as a Home of Rest, and dear Heaven, would that some of them would book their beds right now. Kelmscott is a rather overpowering house, like Mariana's Moated Grange, packed with Morris tapestries and glass and pottery and fabrics and Kelmscott Press books. When we were there last we got a bad mark from the sacristan and dirty looks from a lot of pilgrims for saying the famous Kelmscott Chaucer struck us as a fussy bit of printing, which it is ; rather like an overdressed arty Victorian dowager full of " taste," and not a patch on the work of Eric Gill and other moderns. Morris was one of those chaps who can do eighteen things at once—a poem, a bit of weaving, or embroidery, an essay, a new letterpress design, a bit of stained glass, and the Dear knows what, all in one single morning ; some of it marvellously good. He also practised that quaint æsthetic Socialism of the period which led Walter Crane to design those beautiful dreamy working-men on flowery Labour Day posters which make modern Socialists laugh. Morris was undoubtedly a great artist in the Renaissance tradition,

which is probably why nobody reads his poems or books to-day, or cares about his handicrafts. They 'll do so again one day, doubtless.

There 's going to be some fun (we think, sniggering in our degraded way) when the writing boys line up for the Home of Rest. We can't see many of them being happy at Kelmscott Manor, and our reason boggles entirely at the vision of, say, Lord Castlerosse ringing breezily for a whisky and soda in those hushed and sacred halls. Moreover the feuds will be awful, the fights intermittent and regular, and the air thick with nasty cracks, innuendoes, slanders on publishers, challenges, yells of anger or pain, and loud grumblings about the food, the service, the beds, the weather, the company, and what have you ; and in between the hourly rows nobody will be on speaking-terms with anybody. In fact, the ideal Home of Unrest, and the bequest only shows what a cloistered existence the late Miss Morris, a charming and cultivated craftswoman herself, led among her looms in the deepest depths of Oxfordshire. We could have told her a few things about the booksy boys and their ways when we met her some ten years ago. But how were we to know what madness she was innocently contemplating in her generous mind ?

Blue

The mystic qualities of light blue paper, as used nowadays by a certain type of business man to terrify the poor, were not discussed in a recent police-court case when a hire-purchase firm was fined £50 for using it to convey a threat of forthcoming County Court proceedings against a customer who owed them 12s. 6d. They should have been. Even to the sophisticate, who would instantly chuck such a document into the waste-basket, light blue paper is slightly disturbing. It suggests Justice, and Justice suggests discomfort, extortion, and a swarm of lawyers biting your ear. Yet light blue is actually a noble and happy colour, liturgically symbolising celestial happiness and virtue. Light blue (terno celeste) is the colour of the vestments at certain great feasts in Seville Cathedral, when the Seises perform their grave minuet before the high altar. Test cricketers' eyes are light blue for the same reason, though they have a rather dumb and glassy appearance, and the Cambridge choice of light blue shows what sterling characters that University breeds. Light blue is also the colour of the eyes of the heroine of every Edwardian drawing-room ballad, who as you know is specially selected by her Creator for the embraces of the fervent gentleman (generally a tenor) who worships her. Light blue eyes in the tanned lean faces of sahibs typify also the power of the Raj. Many Fleet Street editors have light blue eyes, enabling them to form and direct public opinion with unerring skill. (The Editor of the Bystander has eyes of lustrous brown, but does it just as well.) Everything about this heavenly colour is good and happy—see what a part it plays in the great window at Chartres called Notre-Dame de la Belle Verrière—and for it to be degraded by lawyers and business men is intolerable.

The murkier shades of blue, with their psychological implications — ask your jazz-band conductor—should be used exclusively for purposes of terror and domination, we think. However, in this new dawn of (temporary) peace and joy kindly permitted us by Germany, lawyers and business men will probably go so gay and crazy that they 'll be using gilt-edged rose-pink paper before long for summonses and letters conveying their brutal threats, a chap in close touch tells us.

Threat

Agriculture is not in such a perilous way as pessimists of the Lymington-Williamson school think, judging by a recent statement of the National Fitness Council, who are shortly bringing out a national survey or Doomsday Fitness Book of the first importance. In one agricultural county alone the number of chaps keepin' fit by joinin' classes has increased tenfold in the past two years, claims this survey. Which shows that farmers who are going bankrupt all over the place can still go in for touching their toes and stamping round with those of the Fitness Girls who have left their beds of pain. You may well ask what will happen to these hayseeds when agriculture is dead and there 's no more food about. They will, a chap in close touch tells us, drop dead, dumb-bells clutched desperately in quivering emaciated fists ; and as the rest of the population will be out in the fields wolfing grass like Nebuchadnezzar, while there is grass, they will probably have impressive obsequies.

A South Country farmer we know who is very angry about the whole situation gave us another view the other day. He said that when the crash came the Fitness Girls would be the first to be eaten by the resentful populace ; and that, he averred, is the true explanation of that tenfold increase in that particular agricultural county. He said it wasn't likely that farmers who have ruined themselves for their ungrateful country's sake would be likely to let anybody else get in first. We doubted if Fitness Girls are edible, being so tough. He reminded us (having recently been reading up about foodstuffs) that Morgan's buccaneers in the Indies had at least once to eat their jackboots. " What man has done," said this farmer, manfully flourishing his ashplant, " man can do." His quiet purposefulness disturbed us, in a way.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Hey — mind my watch ! "

Films of the Day

A Winner from the Ealing Studios

By George Campbell

WHAT they say of boxers used to be said of actors: they never come back. But happily it isn't true. Marie Dressler, Adolphe Menjou, Alice Brady, Billie Burke, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., instantly come to mind as players who lost their vogue, started afresh in a different line, and made a triumphant come-back.

Now Clive Brook has pulled it off, after a series of British films which can only be described as a pity. When he left Hollywood he was one of the screen's biggest stars; just as George Arliss was. The end of four years found them both in the same boat, in comfortable semi-retirement, forgotten by all but the faithful few.

For Mr. Brook, *The Ware Case* will change all that. As Sir Hubert Ware, the dissolute, reckless aristocrat fighting for position, honour, and finally life itself, he gives the performance of his career—better, I think, than Sir Gerald du Maurier's in the play, because the part is now written and played with a lighter touch. Du Maurier as an actor had many gifts. He was a master of understatement, able to suggest intense emotion without altering a tone of his voice or a muscle of his face. But one thing he could not suggest was light-hearted irresponsibility, and without this engaging quality by way of excuse, the role of Sir Hubert Ware loses half its sympathy.

Fundamentally the man is an anachronism—a throwback to the Renaissance, when men (and women) took the world for their oyster and let no thought of others' happiness or pain, or even death, stand between them and what they wanted. A curiously insensitive type, by no means as rare even now as might be supposed; and a dangerous type when ruthlessness is reinforced with Ware's endearing charm. He betrays his wife with other women, and betrays them in turn; he robs his tradesmen and passes dud cheques that will lose cashiers their jobs; to satisfy his lust for excitement he throws away a fortune on the turn of a card, and then has to sell up the home that has been in his family for three centuries.

And yet, so attractively is he played by Mr. Brook, he can lie and cheat and even murder, without ever quite losing our sympathy. You despise him; but you can't help thinking what an agreeable companion he would be over Walton Heath or a bottle of port. Thanks to this quality the fellow's struggle to escape the net of his own weaving becomes almost painfully absorbing, and the suspense during the trial as moving as anything of the kind I can remember.

By contrast, the other players are rather colourless. Jane Baxter is necessarily overshadowed as the faithful wife; Barry K. Barnes does all that can be done with the role of Lady Ware's silent adorer; and Francis L. Sullivan and Edward Rigby contribute two clever little character sketches. *The Ware Case* was produced at Ealing by Michael Balcon, and directed by Robert Stevenson, who made *Owd Bob* and the memorable *Tudor Rose*. If 1939 gives a better melodrama of the kind, I, for one, will be agreeably surprised.

BY contrast, *I Stand Accused* is claptrap in Hollywood's worst vein. Two young men graduate from law school together and go into partnership. One is full of ideals, the other all for quick success and easy money. Along comes a gangster in need of a mouthpiece, the opportunist takes the job, and his partner becomes assistant district attorney. Everything you expect duly happens, even to the last scene where the mouthpiece, who has walked out on his friend and broken up his own home and dishonoured his name, turns up and tells the truth about himself and his gangster clients rather than see his dear old campus pal cut a bad figure in court. Robert Cummings plays the crooked lawyer and Lyle Talbot the thug who retains him.

"The Ware Case": Clive Brook Makes a Come-Back

Although literally making a get-away here, Clive Brook metaphorically makes a come-back in "The Ware Case" (Odeon), with a magnificent portrayal of a charming villain, leaving Barry K. Barnes and Jane Baxter little to do but support competently. The film of the play du Maurier made famous has been excellently directed by Robert Stevenson for Michael Balcon, is reviewed here

THERE are no half-measures with the Ritz Brothers. Either you love them, or you don't. I don't. Whereas the Marx Brothers have wit, the Ritz Brothers have only energy. They rush about and shout and pull faces and hit people over the heads with blunt instruments; but to me they are never funny except (as in one racing sequence in their new farce, *They're Off*) where anybody would be funny in the situation.

They're Off is the tale of a racehorse. Hero and heroine quarrel over it, and he gives it away to three deadbeats. They enter it for a big race, get the hero to ride for them, and (just in case) lock up three rival jockeys and ride their horses for them. The race, for me, was the one oasis in a desert of dreary fooling.

THE American passion for efficiency, for engaging people to run your business life and your social life and your love life, is satirised in *Service de Luxe* not very cleverly. If anything could redeem a film so artificial and noisy and maddeningly "bright," it is the performance of Mischa Auer as a Russian prince turned chef, given to turning in all crises for advice to his counsellor, Moskovsky, and carrying on animated conversations in Russian, all the more effective because Moskovsky isn't there.

Making Our Flesh Creep

Beatrix Lehmann in "They Walk Alone"

Beatrix Lehmann, with her intense portrayal of a homicidal nymphomaniac ("siren complex") in Max Catto's play at the Shaftesbury, dominates the plot and the cast (perhaps she gives them stage-fright). On her first entrance as a new servant, the audience suspects that housework is not her only accomplishment, but the suspicion is not shared by her employers until a few local youths are throttled to conventional thriller accompaniment—a moaning organ, a wailing storm, a howling dog. It is due to Miss Lehmann's tour-de-force that *They Walk Alone* manages to make the audience's flesh creep in the most exhilarating manner

*"**I don't think** you were expecting me so soon." The new maid's arrival produces a quite different effect from that in "George and Margaret"*

*"**How strange** it is that this terrible strength should come to me"*

Photographs by John Everard

*"**Running** and running and nowhere to go"; or, pity the poor murderess*

Fairy Tales at Sadler's Wells

Some Dances from "The Sleeping Princess"

he Bread Crumb Fairy—Julia Farron

The Camelia Fairy—Palma Nye

The White Cat—Molly Brown

To the Princess Aurora's wedding (Act III) came a host of fairy-tale characters. Among them the two Cats and Cinderella and Prince Fortune were replaced in the Diaghileff revival and the subsequent divertissement, "Aurora's Wedding," by "Casse-Noisette" characters, so their dances have never been seen in England

The Fairy of the Song Birds—Elizabeth Miller

The Violet Fairy—Mary Honer

Puss in Boots—Frederick Ashton

"Puss in Boots" is danced by Frederick Ashton, who is also one of the Princes, Aurora's suitors, in Act I. Molly Brown as the White Cat has a small but charming part which, in Russia, was always given to a première danseuse

Almost as famous as the Aurora and Blue Bird pas de deux are the six variations of the Fairies who come to Aurora's christening in *The Sleeping Princess*. Restored to their rightful place in the Prologue, they have also had restored to them by Sergueeff the original Petipa choregraphy. All make exceptional technical demands on the dancers, particularly the hard brilliance of the Violet Fairy's variation, and the Bread Crumb Fairy's quick, pointed movements. But above all on the Lilac Fairy, who throughout the ballet has a role second only to Aurora herself. June Brae has never danced better than in this part, filling out every phrase of the lovely music of her variation and showing a new classical strength to match her characteristic suppleness. Mary Honer (Violet Fairy) and Pamela May (Rose Fairy) also dance in Act IV, the former in the Blue Bird pas de deux, the latter the Diamond Fairy's variation. It is interesting that Ursula Moreton, the Countess in the Hunting Scene and Cinderella in Act III, was a member of the Diaghileff "Sleeping Princess" company of 1921

Photographs by Anthony

Cinderella and Prince Fortune—Ursula Moreton and Richard Ellis

The Rose Fairy—Pamela May

The Lilac Fairy—June Brae

***Not only** does the ski-lift provide uplift for ski-ers; it is a constant source of diversion to spectators. Watching a French girl in trouble at Chamonix are two amusements, one deprecation, one concern, one scorn and one detachment (with cigarette)*

***Le petit** is going to get his skis crossed unless he rights himself at once. This lift, the same (Chamonix) as on the left, offers the ski-er a wire frame in which he is supposed to rest his elbows, with ski-sticks laid across*

"Snow Holiday" II.

The Ski-Lift Waits for No Man

Pictures have many times been published of ski-ers gliding easily uphill with the help of a ski-lift. But it is not so easy. The lift consists of an endless moving cable powered by revolving drums at top and bottom. From the cable hang wires and it is for the privilege of holding on to these that ski-ers pay up and queue up. For an inexperienced ski-lifter the problem of suddenly assuming the speed of the cable, yet remaining balanced, is often insoluble. Parkinson has therefore photographed some of the ski-lift's victims during his visit to the French Alps

← ***O.K.** The girl on the left goes up all right on one of Megève's cables, which gives a lift from behind; but coming down the time before, she evidently left some dents in the snow*

***K.O.** The well-meaning Megève ski-lift has only served here to knock over its patron, who will have to give up the unequal struggle. His hook will swing on empty for a little, then be picked up free of charge by one of the local lads, all expert ski-ers*

Photographs by

Col de Voza-Prarion *is the setting for this bad start on the monte-pente. Col de Voza lies at 5430 feet on the south side of the valley cut by the Arne, a river that flows into France from the Franco-Swiss frontier above Chamonix, then crosses it again to join the Rhône just below Geneva. The peak in the background is the Aiguille Verte, on a northern arm of the Mont Blanc chain; below it can be seen the beginnings of Chamonix. Col de Voza is reached by a rack railway from Le Fayet, more than three thousand feet in the valley below*

Parkinson

1. English James Stephenson, American Edda Harrington

2. Director Hugh Cummings and Actor Pat O'Brien

3. Ann Sheridan, a New Star

4. May Robson and Her Stand-In

Hollywood Visit (No. 2)

Warner Brothers' Studio

1. ***James Stephenson*** *and* ***Edda Harrington*** *are husband and wife in "On Trial," in process of shooting. In real life she is married to Walter Connolly, is granddaughter of a famous song-writer, and great-niece of Harry Braham, who introduced America to Gilbert and Sullivan. Stephenson, recently successful in "Heart of the North," went to Hollywood via Teddington*

2. ***Pat O'Brien*** *was learning his lines for "Broadway Cavalier" with director* ***Hugh Cummings*** *to help him. They were in one of Warners' dressing-rooms on wheels. Pat O'Brien is the Catholic priest in the Cagney film "Angels With Dirty Faces"*

3. ***Ann Sheridan,*** *Warners' new star, was waiting, in "early Mae West" fashions (in which she didn't think she looked her best), to go on the set as Ruby, the toast of the gold-rush pioneers in "Dodge City." She made her London star debut with Cagney and O'Brien in "Angels With Dirty Faces"*

4. ***May Robson*** *and her stand-in were waiting between shots of "Broadway Cavalier." Miss Robson said: "If my relatives in England see this they'll think I am out on a spree." She made her stage debut fifty-five years ago in Brooklyn*

5. ***Bette Davis*** *was in her black wig and lovely, tight-waisted dress for an important new picture, "Juarez," in which she is Carlotta, ill-fated wife of Emperor Maximilian of Mexico*

6. ***Donald Crisp*** *is Maréchal Bazaine and* ***Gilbert Roland*** *is a dashing Mexican Colonel Lopez in "Juarez."* ***Sheila Graham,*** *a former Cochran young lady, is now one of Hollywood's most powerful columnists, syndicated to sixty American newspapers. English Donald Crisp, president of a Los Angeles bank between times, is in "The Dawn Patrol" (Warner Theatre, from Friday), also in United Artists' "Wuthering Heights"*

7. ***Brian Aherne,*** *another English actor on Warners' contract list, is the Emperor Maximilian in "Juarez" and looks magnificently handsome in his make-up, which takes two hours to do*

5. Bette Davis as a Mexican Beauty

6. Columnist Sheila Graham with Donald Crisp and Gilbert Roland

7. Brian Aherne as Maximilian of Mexico

Four Debutantes of 1939

Pearl Freeman

Miss Sonia Denison

Sonia Myrtle Denison, the daughter of Captain E. C. Denison, M.V.O., R.N., and Mrs. Denison, of 5, Lyall Street, S.W., and Cokes House, West Burton, Pulborough, will be presented by her mother. On May 9, at 6, Stanhope Gate, she will share a dance with Rosemary Beale-Browne, given by Mrs. Denison and Brigadier-General D. Beale-Browne. Captain Denison is heir presumptive to Lord Londesborough

Harlip

Miss Barbara MacNeill

Barbara MacNeill comes of a Scottish family founded by a keeper of Sween Castle in the fifteenth century. She is the daughter of Captain Ronald MacNeill, and Mrs. John Dewar, and granddaughter of Mr. Charles MacNeill, an ex-Master of both the Cotswold and Grafton Hunts. The MacNeills formerly owned the Islands of Colonsay and Oransay, on the west coast of Scotland, but these were sold to Lord Strathcona last century

Lenare

Miss Patience Brand

Patience Brand, "Boo" to her friends, will have a reputation as a debutante to keep up, for she is a half-sister, through her mother, of the former Rose Bingham — now Mrs. Fiske. She is the daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel J. C. Brand, D.S.O., M.C., and Lady Rosabelle Brand, of Littledene, Lewes. Her mother, who is Lord Rosslyn's elder daughter, will present her

Bassano

Miss Christian Grant of Monymusk

Christian Mona Grant is a debutante from Aberdeenshire, youngest daughter of the late Colonel Sir Arthur Grant, C.B.E., D.S.O., and Evelyn Lady Grant, of 32, Walpole Street, S W.3. Her five brothers and sisters include Sir Arthur Grant, present (eleventh) Baronet of Monymusk. Christian Grant's favourite sports are ski-ing and swimming. She has already had a Scottish season

Gardener's Chronicle

Looking Ahead

By R. C. Jenkinson

As I sit idle, all outdoor work held up, looking at trees and shrubs weighed down—I only hope not broken—by snow and the ground covered by nearly a foot of it, I resent the weather : I resent the fleeting escape from the high hills of their particular perquisite and glory. The snow in the plains of England makes neither a seasonable nor merry winter ; it is just slushy and hindering and out of place, and during January we had enough of it. I cannot see any flowers in the garden, so let us look ahead to midsummer sun, either by planning afresh or altering our existing planting.

Mixed Planting

Often one finds, bounding lawn or screening fence between garden and field, a wide oval or semi-circular bed—shape varies infinitely—seen from the house all the year round. Here I like to mix shrubs and herbaceous plants. At the back there may be a few small trees. Acer rufinerve, a Chinaman, is good ; it grows some thirty feet tall, has an attractive green and white striped trunk and glorious autumn colouring. A. capillipes is another charming maple, both for the graceful shape of the leaves and colouring in the fall, and the tawny pink and white striped bark. The bark striping is valuable in several of these tree maples, but even within the species it varies considerably.

Again at the back I would set two or three crab-apples—Malus—to flower in April or May. Floribunda and the dark pink hybrids, Eleyi, sanguinea, and others are well known. There are several newcomers of first-class merit. Malus Tschonoskii and Rinkii are narrowly pyramidal in habit, the former with greyish, slightly lobed leaves and little white flowers, is valuable for its October display of scarlet and gold ; the other has lovely pink and white flowers, followed by clusters of multi-coloured fruits and yellow and orange autumn tints. To form a screen planted in between these trees, Stransvæsia davidiana can hardly be bettered. It grows quickly, has an upright habit and is semi-evergreen, holding its leaves until March. Those which fall earlier turn scarlet before doing so. The flowers, in May, are white, carried in flat bunches like Pyracantha, to be followed by large clusters of fine crimson berries whose own weight makes them hang over.

Medium and Low Shrubs

Now once the back is finished—there are, of course, a host of other suitable small trees—I like to bring the shrub-planting right to the front in bold groups to form a frame, as it were, for big bays of herbaceous plants arranged each kind in one large clump. We will take the shrubs first. I cannot do without lilac ; of the hybrids I would have Massena, with enormous pannicles of bright purple, and Edith Cavell, the same size, only white. But less well known are the species of Syringa, the Latin name for lilac ; these flower a little later most profusely, and are of free arching habit. Syringa reflexa is deep pink, while Syringa yunnanensis is pale shell-pink, almost white ; both are lovely. " Syringa," or mock orange, must be sought in books or catalogues under its proper name, Philadelphus, and no June planting is complete without one or more of them. I think Girandole is about the best double ; the singles are legion—Norma, tall and large-flowered ; Belle Etoile, of medium height, purple-blotched and very sweet ; and the species brachybotrys, tall and bulky with deliciously scented, creamy flowers, with the added charm that the young wood is bright cinnamon through the winter, are three good ones. Plants of this type—i.e., Syringa and Philadelphus—can be used singly or in groups of three or more ; but before setting them out it is as well to discover their ultimate development and whether they can be kept to a given size by pruning or not. Otherwise in a few years your carefully-designed bed will be a jungle.

Blanche Henrey

***Philadelphus** is the botanical name for mock orange, commonly known as Syringa, an indispensable choice in a June planting of shrubs. This is P. Girandole, one of the best doubles*

Roses and Others

The blood-scarlet Rosa Moyesii, yellow Hugonis, Farreri, with pink threepenny-bit flowers wreathing his long shoots, snow-white altaica, and soft, lilac-pink virginiana—these are five lovely species from a lovely family, all hardy as nails and indifferent to soil. I think before going further it would be as well to explain the meaning of " species," " hybrid," and so forth, shortly and simply. The genus, or family—e.g., Rosa—comprises the whole family of roses, wild and homebred. " Species " denotes one wild member of a given genus—e.g., Rosa spinosissima—whereas a variety denotes a form of a given species, distinguished by its flower—or leaf—colour or shape, or habit (upright, weeping, etc.) — e.g., Rosa spinosissima lutea — referring to yellow flowers, or Prunus subhirtella pendula referring to its weeping habit.

Eucryphia pinnatifolia from Chile is my favourite shrub. It likes good, limeless loam and leaf soil and is easy and hardy. A bush fifteen feet high and ten feet through in Northamptonshire proves this. It will grow twenty-five feet tall, is of elegant habit, flowers in July or August when few shrubs flower, and the foliage turns a magnificent colour in autumn. The flowers are borne in great profusion after the plant attains six or seven feet, are soft white with a bunch of stamens, about two inches across, and resemble St. John's Wort. Of this I should plant two single specimens in the bed. Buddleia alternifolia is a fine June flowerer with the usual long mauve tubes of the family, only, of course, six weeks earlier. It could be allowed to grow as big as it likes or pruned immediately after flowering to remain a six-foot rounded specimen. Of the late July and August buddleias, to be pruned in early spring, I like best Ile de France for its richness of colour, and magnifica for the size of the flowering pannicle ; while B. Fallowiana alba, with hoary, grey foliage and creamy white flowers, each with a little orange eye, is a charmer, either for our open border or in very cold places on a wall. In the sunniest place in the bed Cornus Kousa from Japan and C. florida rubra from North America must come in, one specimen of each, the first to be smothered in white in June, the second in pink during May.

My allotted space has run out, so the completion of the bed must wait a week.

"Bystander" Short Story No. 178

Psychical Research

By Charles Birkin

Illustration by L. Domény

In the eyes of her family Vera had never been considered a particularly bright girl. She seldom disgraced herself by making a foolish remark, but on the other hand she rarely distinguished herself by an apt or a witty observation, preferring to remain quietly attentive and a good listener for the more scintillating members of her circle.

Nobody could have answered, had they been asked, which was unlikely, just where Vera's interests lay. She drifted through life like a wrongly-addressed parcel in some country where the postal service was dilatory; becoming with the passing of time a little more dog-eared, a little less neat. Had anyone felt any reaction whatsoever towards her personality, it would have been one of slight irritation for her smug acceptance of her own self-sufficiency and lack of initiative.

It was, therefore, something of an event when she announced on the Thursday during breakfast, that she intended catching the 8.25 on the following morning and would spend that day in London. Never, during her twenty-nine years, had she shown such independence. Her family accepted the news with becoming poise. Vera was branching out at last: Heaven forbid that they should edge her back into her accustomed lethargy by some ill-timed comment!

"That will be very nice, dear," Mrs. Byron murmured placidly. "I'll tell Burton that you'll be needing the car."

No more was said. Other topics sprang up, and a few minutes later the party dispersed, each member congratulating him- or herself on a delicate situation that had been most tactfully handled.

The early train was well-filled, and Vera felt that she had been lucky in securing a seat in the dining-car. True, it was not, as she had hoped, at one of the smaller tables for two. She found herself facing an elderly couple who had evidently said all that they had to say to each other many years ago, and who did not, in any case, consider the hour or place conducive to conversation. On her right, taking up far more than his fair share of the seat, was a black-haired, burly young man, wearing a dark suit and a high, stiff collar, who, after one cursory glance at her, divided his attention strictly between his breakfast and his *Times*, with the dexterity of one who is well used to such itinerant juggling. She did not resent his lack of interest, for she was long since accustomed to such treatment from young and attractive males.

Vera warmed with a glow of secret excitement. For once she was striking out on her own. Before her lay a visit of exotic promise. It had started some weeks previously, on the night that Mrs. Chatchawin and the Carstairs had come to dine, when they had all discussed spiritualism and kindred subjects. She had not said much at the time, for she hated to draw attention to herself, but she had been extremely intrigued and had written down the address when she had run up to her bedroom on the pretence of getting a clean handkerchief. She opened her bag to reassure herself that she still had the slip of paper safely tucked away. Yes, there it was: Izra Saar, clairvoyant, Ockersley Mansions, Maida Vale. She remembered that Mrs. Chatchawin had said that it would be necessary to make an appointment; but that had seemed too difficult, and she had a feeling of conviction that the seer would surely see her. She would telephone from the station after she had looked up the number in the directory, and would try to make an appointment for three o'clock. That would give her nice time to catch the 6.20 back to Baringham, and would also enable her to do some shopping before luncheon.

She sat, oblivious of her surroundings, until roused by the rattle of the train running through the tunnel that led into the terminus. The burly young man pulled out his watch, made a clucking sound of annoyance, folded up his paper, reached for his hat and umbrella; and the journey was over.

The taxi was slowing down, the driver glancing at the names on the side turnings, for this was a most unmodish quarter of the metropolis, and one that he was asked to visit only infrequently. Vera peered anxiously out of the window. Ockersley Mansions, Bo'sun's Rise, had been the address given by the directory. She was beginning to fear that she would be late for the appointment. She was a little fearful now that the hour was so near. After all, neither the Carstairs nor Mrs. Chatchawin had actually visited the seer themselves—they had only said that they had heard that he possessed extraordinary powers. Bo'sun's Rise! At last they had found it! And now they were cruising down its shabby length. . . .

Ockersley Mansions proved to be almost at the end of the street. A smoke-grimed brick building of uninspiring aspect; its windows sealed and smeared, lace-curtained and plant-filled; it was typical of many depressingly genteel suburbs, backwash of Victoriana, and yet it struck Vera as being inexplicably sinister. She turned to pay the driver, and at the same moment, the rain, which had been threatening all day, began to fall. She hurried up the steep steps and studied at random the rows of worn brass plates that flanked the porch. Barrington; Smith; Beckwith; Ward; Zimmerman; Hopeley-Tarn—she *couldn't* have made a mistake, she told herself desperately. Scarlett; Ranger; Talbot; Stewart; Pawlet; Izra Saar—the words leapt at her; No. 88, on the third floor. She went into the hall and rang for the elevator, but nothing happened, and after a second fruitless effort she hastened up the pierced iron stairs that spiralled the lift-shaft. She was late. She ran up the last flight and arrived at her destination flushed and breathing heavily. A brass knocker in the form of a cat's head decorated the door, and with this she rapped sharply three times in accordance with her instructions. No movement showed that there was anyone within; and while she listened she realised that the whole building was eerily quiet.

Vera wondered what had possessed her to embark upon this insane enterprise. It was not at all the kind of adventure that she had pictured to herself. There was certainly excitement, but of a totally different calibre to that which she had built up in the fictitious situations in which she was the dream heroine. This was real—and distinctly disagreeable. Suddenly she decided that she would leave, but at the same moment the door opened. A woman, squat to the point of burlesque, gazed up inquiringly into her face, the thick lenses of her pince-nez gleaming in the diffused light of the corridor.

"I'm Miss Byron," Vera explained quickly. "I've got

(Concluded on page viii)

"Old Bill" Sees the World : By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"Well, fellow Spaniards, it won't be long now!"

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Painting the Rajahs

By V. S. Pritchett

PAINTERS are the best company in the world. No doubt there are bores among them, and they are, of course, as wicked about one another's work and character as any other lot of artists; but of all artists, their use of hand as well as brain keeps their minds on things, persons and nature. They are used to dealing with people and, outside of their work, preserve a genial pragmatism. Beside them in society, writers have the perpetually weary air of itinerant dealers in second-hand clothing.

The sociability of painters gives them the amateur's luck when they turn to writing. I have been trying, out of envy, to remember a dull book by a painter, and I cannot. Mr. Phillip Steegman's *Indian Ink* (Cobden-Sanderson; 10*s.* 6*d.*) is yet another example of infuriating readability. He is a young portrait-painter. With the right introductions, he went to India with the proper design of collecting some of the royal East in fees. Things were slow at first; modern Indian art (he says, but is this so?) is dead, the Mohammedan prohibition against the human image and the Hindu weakness for eight-armed figures made portrait-painting a low-caste eccentricity. The camera, with its machine trick and its cheapness, was in favour. But while he waited, Mr. Steegman ran up some lovely debts, moved about with a freedom from prejudice which made some of the Anglo-Indians turn purple; and in the end has made out of his social adventures an amusing mixture, written with wit and a feeling that swings pleasantly to and fro between youthful self-congratulation and uneasiness, between the lyrical and the ribald. I don't care for his moralisings, but they are few; otherwise, sometimes his manners are good, sometimes impertinent, sometimes he is posing, and sometimes he is precociously candid. I am sure he will annoy some of the Anglo-Indians—so many things annoy the testiest oligarchy in what Mr. H. G. Wells has called "the Anglican Empire"—but he flatters them in the next breath; and his painting eye could not resist such things as the slightly rocky but impressive magnificence of the British Raj en fête in Delhi. Byron should be living for the spectacles of our plutocracy which are beginning to get their raffish touches. And Byron is. Mr. Robert Byron of Athos and Byzantium is the spiritual father of a whole school of young travellers like Mr. Steegman who enjoy a cultivated dig at their hosts.

Mr. Steegman ran a mild guerilla war with the Anglo-Indian. A good many air-guns have been let off at that stuffed owl. It is a pretty fearsome bird. A European of some sensibility and education is soon in a quandary, for the behaviour of Woking vested with feudal rights is not elevating; but at the other extreme the visitor may escape from the bridge backwater only to find himself in an equally stagnant backwater of high-mindedness. "You don't imagine I came out to India to see *you*!" said Mr. Steegman, rather rudely, to a civil servant who complained of his manner of mixing with the Indians. It is a difficulty. Mr. Steegman was saved because—blessed word—he had "passed." After that, his days and nights out with

Phillip Steegman

The young portrait-painter has turned his hand to writing and has had what our reviewer here calls "amateur's luck" in achieving "infuriating readability." The book is "Indian Ink," a picture of social life in the King-Emperor's domain; it is published by Cobden-Sanderson

Indians, his not always successful eccentricities with servants, his shattering habit of sitting next to the native driver in his car, his general way of doing what he liked, had to be endured. He chewed pahn, dressed in a dhotee once or twice, tried opium and—all honour to Cheltenham—he was tolerated. Of course, they really liked it. Lucky men, these painters! He had an eye for the dust-choked, horror-pocked feast and for the comedies of his situation. He was scared by the usual leprous and prophetic fakir, he was disconcerted by hermits, he argued with winking priests, innocently dropped those bricks about caste or sacred matters which irrevocably end some Indian friendships. Two scenes stick in my mind—one horrible, the story of an elephant crushing a man to death; the other, one of those civilised comedies which the Indian princes unsmilingly enjoy behind their lowered eyes. He was playing chess with one of these rulers, a game rich in political innuendo: "That is nothing to me," said his Highness, losing a Knight. "Nothing more than a District Commissioner." And full of wicked cheating:

"I am afraid you cannot do that," said his Highness. "I saw you move. I happened to be looking at the board." It was an apology. To preserve the game from the indecency of dispute, the only vital rule was that one should turn aside when one's opponent played. The duplicity of the East enchanted Mr. Steegman; he decided to be tough about its otherwordliness; and this high-spirited book comes to a fervent end in an Arcadian valley of Nepal.

TWO other books on India must be briefly noted. They are not on Mr. Steegman's high level of accomplished impudence, but they are the work of writers who know their stuff. *India of the Princes*, by Miss Rosita Forbes (Gifford; 10*s.* 6*d.*), is an account of what life looks like under the rule of the 635 native lords of India, and it is readable, informative, "colourful" travel journalism by an experienced traveller. Mr. H. E. Rayner's *The Pagoda Tree* (Cresset Press; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a novel, opening in eighteenth-century Calcutta, in the florid and bloody period of English history. The book is more remarkable for its background—the monsoon, floods, the country burning in that spiced and sickly air—than for the people. Their story is violent and exciting, but they are very wooden and are naïvely simplified.

THE new H. G. Wells, *The Holy Terror* (Michael Joseph; 8*s.* 6*d.*), has the usual gusto and brains, but it is a disappointment after the first twenty or thirty pages of his best comic manner. It is the old, old story: topical politics and the wars of the near future. I am tired of Mr. Wells's pocket Napoleons, who go up like sky-rockets and finish very much the dead stick. Rud, the holy terror, represents the Common Man whose common sense rebels against the anarchy of nationalism. He steals the Fascists from Fascism, gets control after the world war of 1945 has exasperated the good sense of those who survive, and, after straightening out the world, has to be "put away" by the scientists because he has got the inevitable megalomania. Argumentatively, the book may be realistic; humanly, it is all over the place. The diagnosis is brilliant—Mr. Wells's pessimism is always more instructive than his optimism—and he writes, as he always does, the perfect headline: England as Hush-Hush Land is an exact hit. No one bites so hard, viciously and well. But Rud's political career is boring, and the sight of Mr. Wells blowing himself up like a balloon and rising over the house-tops into the future once more on the old course of escape, and going rather heavily, has lost its novelty.

On the Beaten Track

Film Faces at a Premiere in Hollywood

Cary Grant is the host of the little party above, arriving at the Pantages Cinema in Hollywood to see the premiere of "Gunga Din," an Anglo-Indian romance based on Kipling's ballad, in which Grant has a lead. His companions are Annabella, Phyllis Brooks and Tyrone Power

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., another lead in "Gunga Din," did duty in New York, as Cary Grant did in Hollywood, by going to the film's premiere at the Radio City Music Hall. On the right he is seen with the American-born Duchess of Leinster and George Stevens, the director

"Sandhurst" Encounter: Film Commandant and Real Commandant

Maurice Elvey is filming "Sword of Honour" at the Walton Studios, an heroic film about Sandhurst life. Under the direction of Major Hurrell, 17th/21st Lancers, equitation officer at Sandhurst, a squad of cadets has been filmed in a reproduction of the R.M.C. riding school. When Major-General Eastwood, R.M.C. Commandant, visited the set, he met the actor who will play his "part" — Charles Eaton (hatless). Left is Elvey. A French film about the cadets of St. Cyr, the French Sandhurst, is having a big success in Paris now

Right: Lawrence Tibbett, the Metropolitan Opera star, and Mrs. Vincent Astor both appeared in costume at "Le Souper de Jacques," held at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York in aid of the Musicians' Emergency Fund

Dash to Monte Carlo

René Blum, ballet impresario, has his fingers in several pies at present. He dashed to the Riviera to discuss plans for this spring's ballet season, dashed back to New York with brother Léon, whom he is introducing to the States. Over there he is in charge of French theatricals for the New York Fair, and is founding a French newspaper for New York. Here, he talks to Samba, doorman of his Monte Carlo hotel

The Same Premiere in New York

Dressing Up for Charity's Sake ✦

Kings at Cannes *include two of the sport-loving Scandinavian monarchs, King Gustaf of Sweden, who, as usual, is playing in the tennis tournaments, and King Christian of Denmark, who prefers sport afloat. Here is the latter in his yacht in the Bassin de Cannes, wearing the cap of the Kongelig Dansk Yacht Club*

Coursing *for the Waterloo Cup at Altcar was the attraction that drew Lady Stavordale, Lady Weymouth (in Sherlock Holmes hat), and Mr. J. A. Dewar to Liverpool. Mr. Dewar's Dutton Demon and his wife's Dutton Rock were both successful on the first day*

Sporting Occasions

Indoors and Out, On Land and On Water

Delegates *to the world congress on recreation and leisure which met in London last week were invited to lunch at Wembley Stadium, to inspect the arena and swimming-pool. Among the guests were Mrs. Little (Dorothy Round) and Mr. S. F. Rous, secretary of the Football Association*

Cruft's *was as crowded as ever at the Agricultural Hall last week, though it was the first show held since Mr. Charles Cruft's death. Mrs. J V. Rank is seen with her Irish wolfhound, Killala of Ouborough: two of his family won awards for her*

The Cottesmore *held well in Leicestershire, and rather slow sport, but none killed. Two at the meet were the*

Fine but cold *was the verdict at Sandown Park which brought out fur coats but no mackintoshes. This trio of young ex-deb racegoers is Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy, Miss Gwenda Fraser and Miss June Capel*

Also at Sandown *to see Miss Paget's newly bought 'chaser, Tanya Knight, come second in the Fairmile Steeplechase were the Hon. Alan Hare, Lord Listowel's second son, and Lady Irene Haig, Lord Haig's sister*

Bearers of names *that sound of horse-racing to all sportsmen were Miss Ursula Kenyon-Slaney and Miss Sylvia Lloyd Thomas. They were two more racegoers at the first February week-end meeting at Sandown*

its after-the-ball meet at Pick-and had a day of poor scent when three foxes were hunted supporters but not followers Duke and Duchess of Grafton

Foot followers, *a term which of course includes car followers (for the car is not recognised in hunting terminology), at the Cottesmore's Pickwell meet were Mrs. Robin Wilson and Lady Willoughby de Eresby*

Lady Burghley *was a Cottesmore follower when hounds met at Pickwell. She is as keen a rider as her royal elder sister, the Duchess of Gloucester. Lord Burghley's home, Wakerley Manor, near Stamford, lies just on the border between Cottesmore and Fitzwilliam country*

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Wringing the Hands

A short time ago I had an interesting conversation with Dr. James Forrest, who explained to me that the right and easiest way to hit a ball, either at the game of golf or at other ball games, is by a wringing action of the hands, and not by a forward action of the hands. Before I go further, I must attempt to describe accurately exactly what Dr. Forrest means by a wringing action of the hands. If you look up the word "wring" in a dictionary, you will find that the best definition for our purpose is: "To turn and strain with violence."

To show clearly what is meant by wringing the hands, some photographs have been taken. Photograph *A* was taken shortly after impact; photograph *B* a little later; and photograph *C* at the beginning of the follow-through. Photographs *A*1, *B*1 and *C*1 show the hands at the same positions in the swing as photographs *A*, *B* and *C*. Of course, the demonstrator does not have his hands far apart when actually playing a shot; he only did so when these photographs were taken to make the explanation of the wringing action of the hands easier to understand. It will be seen that the left wrist does not go forward immediately after impact, and that the right hand is always on top of the left hand.

When a ball is hit with a forward action of the hands, the left wrist goes forward immediately after impact. At cricket, we say that a man has beautiful wrists, but we do not mean what we say; what we really mean to imply is that the man to whom we are referring uses his wrists beautifully. With the wringing action of the hands, the wrists are used to their full value; while with the forward action they are hardly used at all.

It is the contention of Dr. Forrest that the grip and stance are mere trifles and that the chief thing we must concern ourselves with is the way the hands move. I am afraid that this does not help us very much, because to make the hands move in a certain way it is obvious that the body and legs must also move in a manner which allows the hands to move as we want them to.

By photographs, Dr. Forrest has shown that the best players of nearly all ball games use the wringing action of the hands, or hand in the case of games when only one hand is used; he declares that it even applies to billiards. He asked one of the world's leading professional billiards players to play a shot, and when he had played it, he asked him if his cue went straight back and then straight forward, and the reply was "Yes." Dr. Forrest proved him wrong by getting him to play another shot. Before he played the second shot, a chalk mark was made on the top of the cue near the tip, and when the shot had been played the chalk mark was found to have travelled to the right, which proved conclusively that this great billiards player turns his cue from left to right as he hits the ball.

Photographs of Jack Hobbs batting are very interesting. They show that when he cuts he uses the wringing action of the hands, but that when he drives he uses the forward action. Don Bradman, on the other hand, uses the wringing action for driving, as well as all the other shots. There is no doubt whatsoever that a sensible man, when fielding mid-off to these two great batsmen, will stand farther back when Bradman is batting than when Hobbs is. There seems to be little doubt that the wringing action, whether easier to obtain or not, does certainly enable the striker to hit the ball harder and with less effort.

Dr. Forrest also claims that those who wring their hands can play quite well, even if they have not touched a club for a long time, while those who use a forward action of the hands cannot hope to play even reasonably well without much practice.

He told that he knew of no professional golfer who uses the forward action, but that there is among the leading amateurs one man who does. This man is big and very strong, and yet, for a first-class golfer, he is decidedly short with all his clubs, and another point worthy of notice is the fact that he is no golfer at all unless he has a large amount of continual practice. He never plays even the friendliest game without hitting numerous shots before he appears on the first tee.

Dr. Forrest holds the opinion that many women use the forward action of the hands, and that they would hit much farther if they changed to the wringing action. It is interesting to note that the three best lady golfers (I presume you know who they are), who are all very long players, all use the wringing action. Presuming that Dr. Forrest is right, it is clear that, if we wring our hands while we are playing our shots, we will not have to wring them immediately afterwards, like I have to on too numerous occasions.

The
"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy
Conditions and entry form will be found on page vii of this issue

A New Theory of Driving

This week our golf correspondent deals with a talk he had with Dr. James Forrest and discusses the latter's remarkable theory of "wringing the hands" when driving. The numbered photographs illustrate the article: *A* (and *A1*) is just after impact, *B* (and *B1*) a little later, *C* (and *C1*) during the follow-through

Mr. Fuller, Miss Minshull-Ford, Mr. Best

Atop the Weissfluhjoch, three and a half thousand feet above Davos, was photographed this radiant group: Alvan T. Fuller, Jr., from Boston, Mass., son of the Packard car president, Anne Minshull-Ford, daughter of Major-General J. R. Minshull-Ford, and Bobby Best

Miss Harrison-Yates, Mr. Carr

Preparing for the descent to Kublis from the Weissfluhjoch were Ann Harrison-Yates and Richard Carr. She was staying at the Silvretta in Klosters

Winter Sporting

The pair on the right at Davos are Lord Gosford's American daughter-in-law and Sir Colville Barclay, Lady (Robert) Vansittart's son, who has just joined the Diplomatic. Lady Acheson's husband is now Air Attaché in Paris. Below are three very chic Parsenners, Vicomtesse Louis de Gourcuff, Comtesse de Contades, and her sister, Vicomtesse d'Espous

Lady Acheson and Sir Colville Barclay

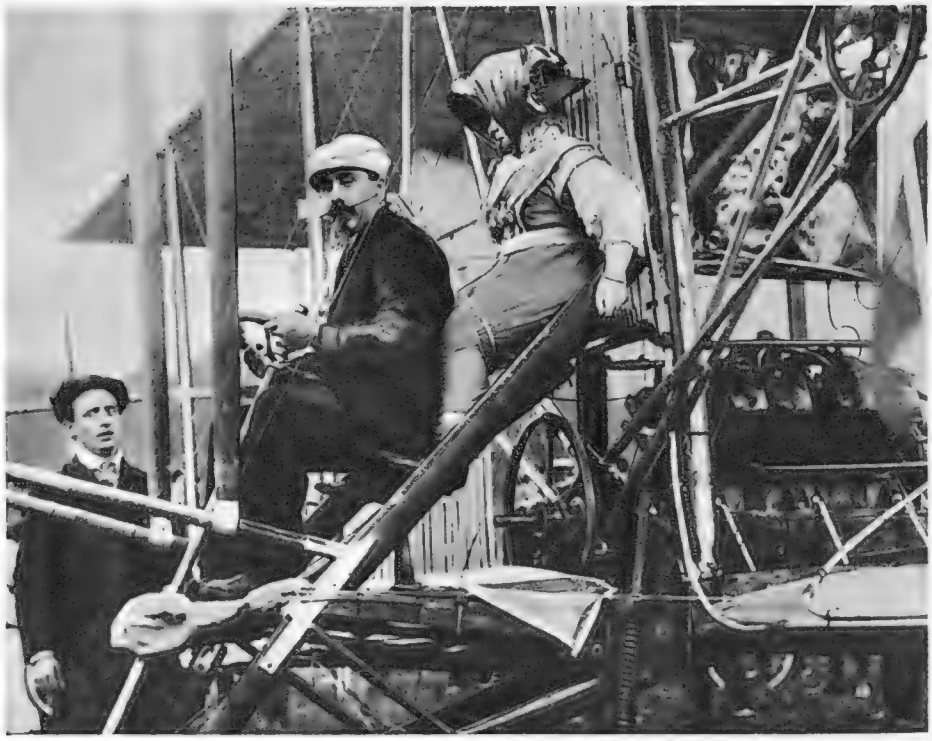
Miss Deane

Diana Deane, seen in her neat ski suit on the Parsenn fields, is the daughter of Mrs. Howtrey Deane. She was practising for the Nicolai Titulescu Cup slalom race, which will be held at St. Moritz to-morrow

M. Bernstein

Henri Bernstein, soberly clad, was taking a constitutional at St. Moritz, where, last week Britain's hopes for the boblet championship were shattered. None of his plays figure in the Comédié Francaise London programme

Vicomtesse de Gourcuff, Comtesse de Contades, Vicomtesse d'Espous



Ancient and Modern: *The first woman to fly, Mrs. Leila Cody, died recently at the age of eighty-seven. She is seen seated with her husband, Colonel S. F. Cody, when about to take the air nearly thirty years ago, and her flying kit is in strange contrast to that of Miss Stella Pierres, who is learning to fly for the Civil Air Guard*

Progress of World Air Routes

By Charles Ward

Trans-Pacific

THE next stage in the British scheme for an air girdle round the earth will be to link Australia with New Zealand. This extension of the Imperial route will be made this summer. Three long-range flying-boats are going through their final tests at Short Brothers next month, after which they will be tried out on the routes already in operation. A survey party from Imperial Airways, with representatives from Australia and New Zealand, has been exploring in the Pacific for some months, with the object of planning the next link to Fiji, which would be followed by other stages to San Francisco and Vancouver, Br. Columbia, the western terminal of the trans-Canada air line. "Champion," one of the strengthened Empire boats of the present class, is to fly to Bermuda next month. The route chosen is one of 8000 miles, involving a crossing of the South Atlantic. The flag will be shown at Lisbon, Bathurst, Natal in Brazil, Port of Spain and Antigua. Modifications to the boat include the provision of two "smokers" instead of one, a constant hot-water system, steam-heated cooking arrangements, and seat planning so that parties of four may share tables. American travellers by Imperial Airways are full of praise for the remarkable comfort of the Empire boats, which are far in advance of any foreign aircraft in this respect.

International Competition

THE most spectacular advance in journey speed is promised by K.L.M. for the trip to Australia. A schedule of 3½ days will be maintained by using the Douglas D.C.4, several of which are on order from the States. Dutch competition is friendly, but none the less formidable, for the route to the Far East will eventually pay big dividends on a commercial basis, irrespective of subsidy. Air France has abandoned flying-boats for the Mediterranean crossing between Marseilles and Syria. The new route includes Tunis, Berighasi and Cairo, with the London-Egypt stage occupying 48 hours. German and Italian lines are projected to the East. Lufthansa is to fly to Turkey, afterwards linking Iraq, Iran and India with China and Japan. Ala Littoria already operates from Rome to Egypt as the first section of the line to Abyssinia. The struggle for trade by air will depend on quality and quantity of suitable aircraft and personnel. We are considerably in arrears on quantity, and will need a tremendous spurt during the next three years, in order to counter the moves of our competitors.

R.A.F. Developments

THE world's fastest trainer is in active production at the Reading works of Phillips and Powis, where an extension to the plant was officially declared open by the Air Minister, Sir Kingsley Wood, last month. The Miles "Master" is a two-seater, built mostly of wood, and equipped with a Rolls-Royce "Kestrel" developing 700 horse-power. Top speed approaches 300 miles an hour, sufficiently high to accustom pilots to the fighters and bombers of the future. The advance of Phillips and Powis from a small private concern building cheap light 'planes for the Clubs to one of the leaders in the Industry has been rapid. In six years, production capacity has been multiplied forty times, and during this period eighteen different types have been built. Wooden construction, owing to the ease of repair and maintenance, is again in favour, with Phillips and Powis, de Havillands and Airspeed of Portsmouth well placed to secure the orders. A new fighter built entirely of metal is being turned out in large numbers by Boulton Paul. It is a two-seater with especially powerful armament and high performance. "Hurricanes" and "Spitfires" are becoming quite a common sight. Several of the former have been sent to South Africa, so that the S.A.A.F. may gain experience on a type which would come into use automatically in case of trouble. There is no further news of the boosted "Spitfire" with which the R.A.F. hopes to capture the world's speed record, though it 's been seen at Southampton and will no doubt make a public appearance very shortly. Considering the high speed of the modern fighter, they appear easy to fly. Captain Harold Balfour, Under-Secretary of State for Air, who had not flown a single-seater since the days of the Royal Flying Corps, has piloted both a "Hurricane" and a "Spitfire" without any refresher course on an intermediate trainer. Ease of control at all speeds above the stall are essential factors in military aircraft, and this quality we have been singularly successful in obtaining. Training of a different type is to be given in flying class-rooms to observers and wireless operators. The Air Ministry has bought four American "Condors" which have been used for a freight service to the Continent, and is re-equipping them with seats and desks so that lectures and practical training can be carried on in flight.

Breaking a Record

ALEX HENSHAW'S flight to the Cape and back in 4½ days is a record of which he should be tremendously proud. It was a magnificent feat of endurance, especially on the last lap from Algeria, as he had to fly at 18,000 feet in an attempt to get above the bumps that had caused some damage to his head and nose. The "Mew Gull" was the same machine with which he won the King's Cup last year and is four years old, being one of the first three built by Captain Percival for racing purposes. The engine is a "Gipsy Six" of 200 horse-power which also passed the gruelling test without a falter, thanks a lot to "Castrol." Take-off speed was 85, landing speed 75, and the high cruising speed of 225 miles an hour was maintained throughout the journey.

The ever-pleasant background

By all means, ma chère, dress with individuality, give your flair for style its head . . . but be firm about your Cigarettes. The wise ones never change; the ever-pleasant background in an ever-changing world is always 'Players'.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES "MEDIUM" OR "MILD" CORK-TIPPED OR PLAIN . 10 for 6d . 20 for 11½d

N.C.C. 472.A.

The L.G.U. Dine and Debate

By Eleanor E. Helme

In the cold light of eight-o'clock breakfast not very many after-dinner speeches, nor the fooling of a comedian, however admirable, would be capable of raising a laugh when retailed to a hostess who had not heard either. No higher tribute can therefore be paid to the quality of the L.G.U. dinner at Grosvenor House, to the speaking and the cabaret, than to say that when two guests appeared in that unpropitious atmosphere next morning the hostess fairly shouted with laughter. Nor was even the host immune. Granted, of course, that host and hostess were perfect specimens of the genus, it must still be allowed that this was pretty good. So had been the evening before: quite the best, in fact, in the ten years of the dinner's existence—which is saying something. Perhaps old habituées were on their mettle in front of the new president, so slyly and successfully baited by her neighbour, Sir George Langton, until Lady Astor rose and rent him in her turn with a round declaration that the more she saw of men the keener she gets on women. This was no mincing of the matter. Not for her the "Dear Sir *or* Madam" type of golfer, of whom Mr. John Beck later told us that a club had just passed a by-law enacting that "Ladies are allowed to play in trousers but must take them off before entering the club-house." Lady Astor, having declared herself a passionate feminist, called for equality on the golf links. Nobody knew, however, whether she thought that cause to be served or the reverse by Lady Denman's subsequent vision, as she recounted it, of the R. and A. and the L.G.U. mounted on a tandem bicycle, "the man in front guiding the machine, the woman doing the work behind. Let us hope," added the retiring president, "that the man will steer a straight course."

After all this good-humoured provocation, the room was in just the mood to laugh at Rupert Hazel, with his further witty hits at the L.G.U. and its works—how he knew about some of them passed comprehension—and even after that the big company lingered, loath to break up a specially notable gathering. If current champions were rather few and far between, there was one table of all the past talents whereat sat Mrs. Miller, founder of the Union and runner-up in the two first championships; Mrs. Hezlet and her ever-famous daughter, May; Miss Lottie Dod, who won the tennis and golf championships within twelve months of each other—a feat which it is pretty safe to fancy will never be repeated; Miss Cecil Leitch, Mrs. Jessop Hulton, the Union's first Hon. Treasurer; Miss Mabel Stringer, one of its first championship semi-finalists—the Auntie Mabel of undying fame. Guests, too, from overseas—Mrs. Colombie and Miss Imrie, from Melbourne—were to be found, and a goodly sprinkling of Irish, Scottish and Welsh. All looking extraordinarily well-dressed and attractive, fulfilling every one of Miss Clark's suggested qualifications for a guest—to be useful, ornamental, and a good golfer.

Most of them, with a few additions, were at the L.G.U. annual general meeting the next day, which went off in unaccustomed peace and no bombs, even though the Council and the delegates present felt it their duty to say "No" to a request from Ireland, north and south, who pleaded jointly and eloquently for a reduction in their affiliation fees. Hardship there may be to those fourteen Irish clubs affiliated to the L.G.U. as well as to the Irish L.G.U., who give them their handicaps, but there would be greater hardship to a greater number of small, remote clubs in other parts of Great Britain if those fourteen were allowed a reduction without granting it at the same time to the others. The meeting was sympathetic and regretful, but firm.

So far, so speedy. Then came a very lengthy debate on the financial affairs of the international match fund. Over the continuance of these matches there was no divergence of opinion; it went without saying that continued they must be. Whether by perpetual contributions or an endowment fund, by individual efforts—Mrs. John Beck suggested that every golfer, when paying her club subscription, should pay one shilling more for her club to forward to the fund—or by club competitions for L.G.U.-given brooches was left in the air, for the council to convert into workable schemes. The great thing is that the meeting, beyond question, valued international golf above dispute. That being so, means to pay for it will beyond doubt be found.

Perhaps Lady Astor will produce it, at the point of the pistol, from all the men's clubs, just to prove that Lady Denman had been right when she told the dinner that she herself had been a poor, weak-minded president who bottled up a great deal, but that in Lady Astor they would find they 'd caught a tartar.

***The annual dinner** of that august body, the Ladies' Golf Union, was held last week at Grosvenor House and is covered by Miss Helme's article on this page. The group here includes some of the earliest members of the L.G.U.—Mrs. Jessop Hulton, Mrs. Hezlet, Mrs. C. Miller (May Leitch) (standing), Mrs. Ross (May Hezlet), Mrs. T. H. Miller (founder of the Union), Miss Cecil Leitch, Miss Lottie Dod (standing) and Mrs. Lewis Smith*

***Miss Helme,** our correspondent, sits on the right at this table; her neighbours are (l. to r.) Miss Imrie, from Melbourne, Australia, Miss Wanda Morgan, and Mrs. Colombie, also from Melbourne*

***Lady Denman** retires from the presidency of the L.G.U. and is to be succeeded by Lady Astor; Miss D. I. Clark, J.P., is chairman of the executive*

Fashion as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

THOUGH spring has come into every shop window, into the gardens, and into the fashion magazines, it may yet be some time before fur coats can safely be sent into summer storage. Liberty's (Regent Street) inexpensive dress department have many "little" frocks which are just right beneath a fur coat, and for bridging this gap between "spring in anticipation" and "spring proper." They include the kind of wool dress that can take its turn from nine till six almost anywhere, and is worth its weight in gold for country week-ends. Springlike in colour and character, these frocks are most cheering to eyes accustomed to winter's black. They are made in the loveliest pastel colours, including a soft deep turquoise, a rosy pink, pale leaf green and a real hydrangea blue. Of the two styles in the picture, that on the right is made in a soft crêpe woollen and costs 6½ guineas. Its short-waist bodice and tucked circular skirt are very young and gay. The one on the left, which costs 5½ guineas, is slightly more dressy, and relies for its trimming on a raised and padded design, which gives an effect rather like Italian quilting

Signs of Spring

Suits Win the Palm

Scott Bushe

"The kind of suit that gives Englishwomen a good reputation" was one comment on this two-piece from Jay's (Regent Street) model gown department on the first floor. It seems an apt remark, for here is the kind of outfit in which most women, and Englishwomen especially, will look and feel their best. The frock (shown on the right) is characteristically simple, with a round neck and buttoned bodice. Two inset panels accentuate breast pockets and are continued through the skirt, broadening slightly towards the hem to give the necessary "swing." The material is a fine navy-blue woollen, with a slightly crêpe surface. The loose-cut jacket in soft navy-and-white-checked tweed, which the model above is wearing, closes high and is convincingly casual, with two deep pockets. The hat is of the chieftain's bonnet character, with a decisive, forward-pointing quill

discovered by peta pictured by joan

the bystander twins in search of novelties

To remind you of Cornish hedgerows and the red roses that flourish in country gardens. Marshall and Snelgrove (Mayfair Flower Department), of Oxford Street, have produced an artificial honeysuckle, and mingle it with just such plump rosebuds. Here is a really original contrast to the sophistication of your black frock

The popularity of Victorian ornaments and furniture increases. Fortnum and Mason, 181, Piccadilly, have the pair of Victorian flower-pieces shown at the top of the page in their Antique Gallery. For the boudoir, a modern lamp of distinctly Victorian inspiration. The stand is of cream and red pottery and the shade organdie muslin trimmed with dark red satin ribbon. The lampshade on the left might have been copied from a ballerina's skirt. It is a double frill of accordion-pleated organdie muslin in palest apple green over a stand of transparent "snowy" glass; 25s. complete

"Just right for the Twins" is this "twin" handbag from Revelation, 170, Piccadilly. It is like two bags united, but opening independently. One side holds make-up, and the other the more official personal impedimenta—note-case, purse, and so on. Twenty-five and sixpence, in black suède. The second bag is made on a twisted gold kid frame, and also in black suède. It is luxuriously satin-lined and fitted with shagreen lacquer cigarette-case and flapjack

FASTEST ICE SKATER. 500 METRES IN 41·8 SECS.

ESTABLISHED 1938. HELD BY NORWAY.

THE SPORTSMAN'S PETROL

"Plus a little something"

BP ETHYL

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

MAJOR A. T. G. GARDNER, whose miraculous little M.G. did so much to advance British engineering prestige at the end of last year when it achieved its epic records-breaking feat in Germany, has been accorded a richly-deserved honour. A meeting of the Segrave Trophy awarding committee, which consists of representatives of the Institution of Automobile Engineers, the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, the Royal Automobile Club, the Royal Aero Club, the Royal Aeronautical Society, the Marine Motoring Association and the Newspaper Proprietors' Association, was held at the R.A.C. on Thursday, January 26th, for the purpose of making the award for 1938.

It was unanimously agreed that the trophy should be awarded to Major Gardner for breaking the records for the flying kilometre and flying mile in International Class G (for 12-h.p. cars) at mean speeds of 186·6 m.p.h. and 186·5 m.p.h. respectively. The records were made at the Autobahn, Frankfurt-Darmstadt, on November 9th last.

The trophy, which was instituted to preserve the memory of the late Sir Henry Segrave, is awarded to the British subject who, in the judgment of the awarding committee, accomplishes the most outstanding demonstration of the possibilities of transport by land, air, or water. The simple idea behind this tribute to Sir Henry Segrave is to stimulate others also to uphold British prestige before the world by demonstrating how the display of courage, initiative and skill can assist in mechanical development.

The trophy was first awarded in 1930 to Wing-Commander C. E. Kingsford-Smith. In 1931 it was awarded to Squadron-Leader H. J. L. Hinkler; in 1932 to Mrs. J. A. Mollison; in 1933 to Sir Malcolm Campbell; in 1934 to Mr. Kenneth Waller; in 1935 to Captain G. E. T. Eyston; in 1936 to Miss Jean Batten; and in 1937 to Flying-Officer A. E. Clouston.

THE proposal of the Minister of Transport to apply the "No-Waiting" regulations to more than thirty miles of important London streets is vigorously opposed by the Motor Legislation Committee on behalf of constituent bodies which include the Royal Automobile Club, the Automobile Association, the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, and the Motor Agents' Association. It is pointed out in a memorandum to the Minister that the proposed regulations appear to be aimed solely at the private car and the goods vehicle. The major causes of traffic congestion are ignored. In particular the private car is penalised, for it may not halt in any scheduled street, or for the first 120 feet in any side street off these routes, for a longer time than is necessary for a person to board or alight from the car. The effect of this restriction would be to make it practically impossible for the owner of a private car to use a restricted street for business, professional, shopping, or social purposes during the prescribed hours. This unfair restriction upon the normal usage of the private car would produce harmful effects on the trade and business of the scheduled street, and they would also affect the motor industry and trade in London, as fewer cars would be purchased.

Criticism is made of the London and Home Counties Traffic Advisory Committee which recommended these restrictions. "They appear," says the memorandum, "to have taken the narrow view of expediency instead of dealing with the whole problem in a comprehensive manner."

In a memorandum two years ago a public inquiry into the whole problem of traffic congestion in London was demanded by the Motor Legislation Committee, and that demand is now repeated. The utmost importance is attached to an investigation by a

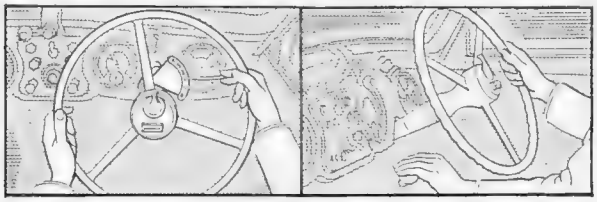
(*Concluded on page* vi)

***Wolseley:** this is the new "Ten" saloon, a robust but elegant little car with a 4-cylinder o.h.v. engine developing 40 b.h.p.*

THE CAR THAT GIVES YOU EVERYTHING . .

There's a salesman's phrase 'You can knit in the back at fifty.' In the Lanchester it's true. *Superb riding steadiness lets you really relax — mentally and physically.*

EXCITING in performance yet made for family needs. Beautiful modern lines that conceal an ample roominess for five. A powerful engine that gives sparkling acceleration and an easy 60 cruising speed. Yet so steady is the ride (from independent front wheel springing) that your wife can chat happily in the back while you steal up to 70 and over. Make your own choice of gear controls — Daimler transmission or synchro-mesh and clutch. And all this at an annual tax of £10.10.0. Such is the new LANCHESTER Roadrider — the car that gives you *everything.*



Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission — gears that you pre-select without taking your hand off the wheel. No gear lever, no clutch — a great help in traffic driving.

Instead, if you still prefer the ordinary gear-change — a silent synchro-mesh gearbox and a very sweet, smooth clutch. Have which system you like in the new Lanchester.

Traffic's almost fun in this Lanchester. No need to change gear — no clutch to use. Stopping and starting, slowing, sweeping ahead, with nothing to touch but brake and accelerator . . .

The new LANCHESTER Roadrider

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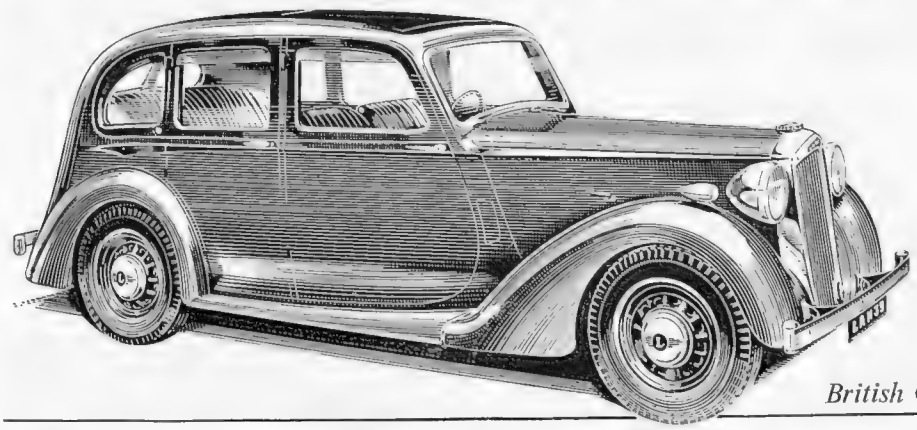

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SIX-LIGHT SALOON or SPORTS SALOON . . . .
£375
with synchro-mesh gearbox
£350
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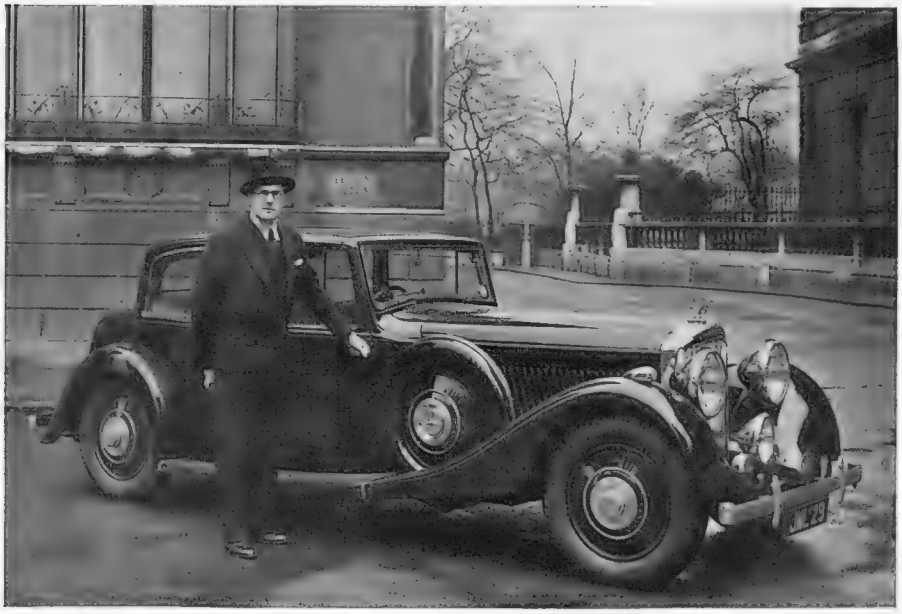
Motoring Commentary *(Continued from page iv)*

judicial tribunal, sitting in public, before which vehicle owners, shopkeepers, frontagers, police authorities, and the Government departments concerned could give evidence. Amongst the subjects for investigation at such an inquiry would be the revision of omnibus and coach services, embayments for service vehicles at stopping-places, cab-ranks, the provision of adequate parking-places, and the acceleration of road repairs on important routes.

THE Road Racing Club has decided to reduce its expenses during the coming season by curtailing its programme. To this end the Coronation Trophy Race, which was to have been held on Saturday, April 15th, has been abandoned and the first public meeting at the Crystal Palace has therefore been put back to May 20th, on which date the Sydenham Trophy Race will be run.

The effect of this move by the R.R.C. may be that more British drivers will now be free to enter for the Prince Rainier Cup Race in the South of France, also scheduled for April 15th, while the only reservation on the international calendar for May 20th is the Crystal Palace race.



Bentley: *Capt. George Eyston has just taken delivery of this 4½-litre two-door saloon*

ONE of the most important of the R.A.C. services is the free legal defence scheme, under which the club undertakes the defence in a police court of any of its members summoned for offences in connection with their cars or motor-cycles.

An analysis of the figures for 1938 has now been prepared, and an extract is given below showing in respect of each offence the percentage which it bears to the total number of cases defended, and the percentage of cases dismissed.

Summons in respect of	Percentage of total number of cases	Percentage of cases dismissed
Dangerous Driving	2·6%	60·3%
Careless Driving	9·4%	27·8%
Obstruction	18·5%	6·8%
Speed Limit	35·4%	6·0%
Traffic Signals	7·4%	25·2%
Pedestrian Crossings ..	2·2%	19·32%
Failing to Stop	·9%	29·6%
No Lights	4·6%	17·44%
Disregarding "Halt" Signs	9·5%	8·4%
Miscellaneous Offences ..	9·5%	24·0%

Many interesting conclusions may be drawn from these figures. Perhaps the most noteworthy and gratifying fact disclosed by them is the very small proportion of summonses received for dangerous driving and the high percentage of charges for dangerous and careless driving which were dismissed. It will be observed that charges for exceeding the speed limit, and obstruction, together formed over 50 per cent. of the total. It is significant that where the percentage of the total number of cases defended is lowest, the percentage of cases dismissed is highest, and vice versa.

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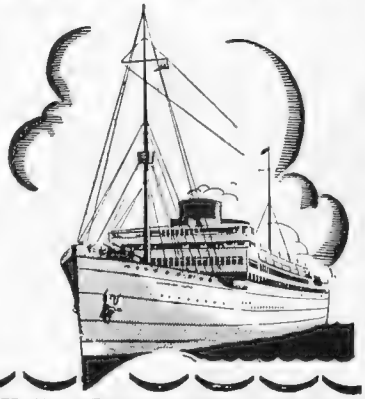

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340 afflicted girls now being trained to become wage earners.

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"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Week-End Amateur Tournament for Men

The Seventh Annual Open Amateur Tournament under handicap, for the "Bystander" £500 Trophy and other prizes, will be played at

WESTON-SUPER-MARE

on March 18th and 19th, 1939

(Headquarters: The Grand Atlantic Hotel)

The "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Holder: R. H. Romyn (Bridlington G.C.)

• Conditions

Play will be for the BYSTANDER £500 Trophy and other prizes.

Every competitor will play a medal round on Saturday morning, March 18th.

When cards have been returned the competitors will be divided into sections of eight players each.

The best two returns from the first quarter of the draw, the best two returns from the second quarter of the draw, and the best four returns from the bottom half of the draw will constitute the Trophy eight, and the players returning these cards will compete for the Trophy by match play under handicap.

The first rounds will be played on the Saturday afternoon and the semi-finals and finals on the Sunday.

The remaining eights will be constituted and play in a similar manner to the Trophy eight.

Ties will be decided on the last nine holes, and if there is still a tie the eighteenth hole shall decide; and failing that, the seventeenth, sixteenth, etc.

Every competitor must qualify in some section or other, and is assured of a full day's play on the Saturday. Moreover, half the original entry will be engaged in the competition proper on the Sunday, and there will be a Bogey Competition for those who have been defeated on the Saturday.

A copy of the draw for the medal round on Saturday, March 18th will be posted to each competitor.

All disputes will be decided by the Committee in charge of the competition, and its decision shall be final.

Rule 35 of the Rules of Golf does not apply to this competition.

• Railway and Hotel

Arrangements for the Week-End

Railway:

No special tickets will be issued. The first-class monthly return from Paddington is 36/3.

Hotel:

Headquarters will be at the GRAND ATLANTIC HOTEL, where special terms for competitors have been arranged as follows:

From dinner on Friday night till afternoon tea on Sunday night—34/-.

From dinner on Friday night till breakfast on Monday morning—45/-, each inclusive.

These prices include room, bath, breakfast, luncheon, tea, and dinner.

• Entries

Entries are now being accepted, and should be sent on the entry form published herewith to the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER, The Lea, Dogmersfield, Basingstoke, Hants.

Competitors must play off their lowest club handicap.

Any competitor whose handicap is altered after he has forwarded his entry must notify the Golf Editor of the BYSTANDER at the Grand Atlantic Hotel, Weston-super-Mare, by noon on March 17th.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to refuse an entry without giving any reason whatsoever for so doing.

ENTRY FORM • Entrance Fee 5/-

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

To be played at Weston-super-Mare on Saturday, March 18th and Sunday, March 19th

Entries close when the list is full or on March 4th

IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Surname..... Initials.....

Club..... Lowest Handicap .....

Address .....

.....

Telephone No.....

I shall be playing with..... in the qualifying round.

I require a partner for the qualifying round.
(Strike out one of these.)

I enclose a handicap certificate.

(Signed) ....

Do not send your entrance fee. It should be paid when you get your card at Weston-super-Mare G.C.

Psychical Research *(Continued from page 240)*

an appointment with Mr. Saar," she hurried on, "at three o'clock, though I 'm afraid I 'm rather late."

"Come in," the woman said. She stood aside to allow Vera to enter a minute vestibule from which three doorways led.

"Wait here, please."

And once again Vera was left to herself, shut in the confined space, tall and narrow as a sentry-box. She could hear the low and staccato murmur of voices. Then the woman reappeared.

"The master will see you." She motioned the girl forward, and abruptly darted into the passage, shutting the door none too gently behind her.

Hesitantly Vera went into the room. A tall figure faced her, standing behind a table littered with every conceivable "prop" that medicine-men customarily employ. A dried toad, balls of crystal, mystic cards, a human skull, chunks of amber and a large, flat dish of sand jostled each other on a garishly embroidered tablecloth from Morocco. In the shadows—for the stuffy room was closely curtained, and lit by one sombrely shaded reading-lamp — African idols crouched on cheap deal and fumed-oak furniture, and a dusty palm wilted sadly in a cracked blue pot. Izra Saar himself wore a turban and a nondescript garment that might have done duty in some long-past Pageant of the East. He was very thin, with prominent and discoloured teeth, and he wore thick gold ear-rings. They eyed each other in silence. Finally the Master spoke.

"You wish for the crystal, hand or cards ?"

Vera shook her head.

"The sand perhaps ? The sand from Allah's garden ?"

Vera stood tongue-tied, then with an effort she blurted out: "A trance. . . . I have been told that in a trance you have had wonderful visions. . . . I have heard that as a medium you are unrivalled."

Izra Saar regarded her fixedly and with barely-concealed pleasure. "So you have heard that of me ? A trance—yes, that is possible, but it is also a very exhausting matter." Abruptly he came down to earth. "And it will be five guineas. In advance, if you please."

Vera fumbled in her bag. There was exactly six pounds in it, and she had bought her return ticket. She counted out the money and laid it on the table.

Izra Saar came over to her and put his hands on her shoulders. His eyes were of an opaque brown and slightly bloodshot, and his breath smelt of stale spirits. "You wish me, then, to tell you of your future ? Relax . . . and let me look into your soul." His grip tightened. Vera felt sick, and again a sensation of fear sent a shiver through her body. She wished that she had told the taxi-driver to wait for her.

Izra Saar appeared to be looking through and beyond her. He raised his hands in supplication, and the loose sleeves of his gown fell back, revealing grime-etched wrists. He started to walk backwards and forwards, muttering to himself in a guttural voice. Flecks of foam whitened the corners of his mouth, and his eyes grew wild and staring.

"I am happy . . . *happy* . . . happiness is man's heritage. . . ." His mouth was wet and twisted. He swayed from side to side. Vera was terrified. He turned towards her, his face twitching, approaching nearer and nearer until it seemed to fill the room—the world. "I 'm happy . . . *happy !* . . ." The word rose to a screech.

Vera struggled for her self-control, to return to normality. She knew that she must get away—that the man was mad. The vast, tormented face loomed over hers; claw-like hands reached out to her. Dimly she tried to concentrate on Baringham, and dear, well-known things — anything sane with which to combat this horror.

With a sound like that of a whip-lash she slapped Izra Saar across the cheek. An expression of childish surprise replaced his crazy exaltation; slowly his hands dropped to his sides.

"Why did you do that ?" he asked in a flat voice.

Appalled by her action, and from a long way off, Vera heard herself answering: "My mother told me always to strike a happy medium."

THE END.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Monthly Golf Spoons and Yearly Challenge Cup

Open to members of clubs affiliated to the Ladies' Golf Union in Great Britain, Ireland and Overseas.

The Bystander awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month, from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places.

One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such a card does not win a spoon under handicap. Ties to be won by the card returned against the higher scratch score, a further tie by the player with the longer handicap. Winning names and scores will appear in the second issue of the paper each month.

Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. handicap purposes (*i.e.*, in Open or County Meetings, L.G.U. Competitions, or as Extra Day scores) during the month are eligible for the competition.

Each card, or true copy, must be signed by the player's partner, and also by the Club Hon. Sec., who must certify the Scratch Score of the course.

The Golf Coupon from any issue of the Bystander during the current month must be attached to the first card sent in by each player during that month. Players may send in as many cards each month as the L.G.U. regulations allow them to take out, but no player can win more than one spoon during any one month, except that a player who wins in the Bronze Division can also subsequently win in the Silver.

Cards from players in Great Britain and Ireland must be sent to the Golf Editor, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so that they reach her not later than the first day of the month following the one in which they are taken out.

Cards from players in the Dominions and from other Overseas clubs affiliated to the L.G.U. must be posted within one week of being taken out, accompanied by the coupon of the month then current in the country of posting. Such cards will be entered for the competition of the month in which they are received. A spoon will be given each month to the best card under handicap from an Overseas player if such card does not win a spoon in the ordinary way.

Yearly Challenge Cup

A Yearly Challenge Cup and memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of Bystander spoons during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in and whether the spoons are handicap, scratch, or Overseas. In the event of a tie, the Cup will go to the player having the best net total on the scores with which she won the spoons: if a further tie, to the best single score, and if a further tie again, to the player whose worst winning score is the least bad.

January Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Fortescu	North Hants...	84	12	72	73	1 below
Miss I. Davis	North Worcestershire	91	17	74	72	2 above
Miss A. Reynolds	Sale	88	12	76	73	3 ,,
Mrs. Skidmore	Ringway	83	7	76	72	4 ,,
Mrs. Booth	Shirley Park	95	18	77	73	4 ,,
Miss Dixon	Cleveland	90	9	81	74	7 ,,
Mrs. Garland	North Worcestershire	92	13	79	72	7 above
Mrs. Bishop	North Worcestershire	92	12	80	72	8 ,,
Miss Clixby	Thonock	94	11	83	72	11 ,,

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. O. Hearn	R. Calcutta	103	29	74	80	6 below
Mrs. W. Brodie	R. Calcutta	109	34	75	80	5 ,,
Mrs. McWilliam	Barrackpore	89	19	70	73	3 ,,
Miss Coates	Burnham (Som.)	80	21	59	62	3 ,,
Mrs. Badham	North Hants...	99	29	70	73	3 ,,
Miss Wild	North Hants...	110	36	74	73	1 above
Mrs. Mercer	West Essex	93	19	74	72	2 ,,
Mrs. Royce	Sherwood Forest	109	33	76	74	2 ,,
Mrs. Gatacre	Camberley Heath	113	36	77	73	4 ,,

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the Bystander *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* Bystander *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Sec. of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON FEBRUARY

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News & Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—Wednesday, February 15, 1939. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
American Agents: International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

London Nights

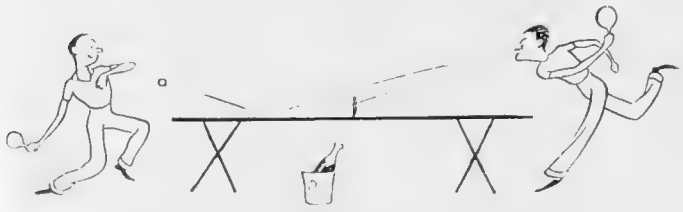
Dinner, Dance and Cabaret

A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

DEAR GEORGE,—You returned yesterday from Darkest Africa on your first leave for years. You threatened that you 'd require my guidance on the wheres and whiches of London's food. You shall have it in writing here, because that 's cheaper than wholesale empiricism, and there may be others in the same predicament as yourself. Anyway, it 's easier writing this with someone specific in mind. So it 's yours.

The Dorchester

YOU took us to the Dorchester (and then some) the night before you sailed those several years ago. I forget what the floor-show was then. But it was in the pre-Naunton Wayne era, and you 've got a treat coming to you there now. He has been blessedly more or less permanent compère for their shows. And he 's at the old stand for the midnight entertainment in the new programme



Ping Pong de Luxe at the Dorchester

that starts on the 20th. You know his methods. He stands, immaculately tailed, and talks utter and benign drivel. A fooling that relies on meiosis and the raised eyebrow. If there is a better man at his job in London, Paris or New York, I 'd like to see him.

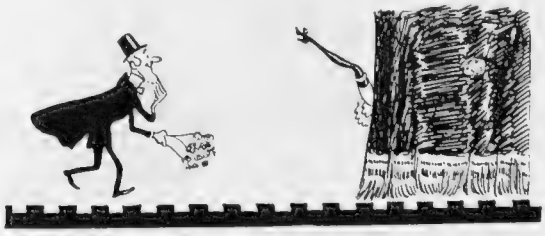
He has Les Girls as usual with him. But the novelty in London cabaret shows comes with the introduction of table-tennis. At 10 and midnight Norman Evans and Stanley Profitt, than whom . . . etc., will play matches on the dance floor, and Leonard Lee will be expert commentator on their antics. They are on at the moment of writing, at a music hall, and are drawing the crowds. Now you can see them with your oysters. And I bet you 've never seen table-tennis played like this! Great idea of Henry Sherek's. (He 's the Dorchester talent-spotter.) Jack Jackson continues to play for dancing, and I think you 'd better wear white tie. Very smart always. Guinea a head.

Grosvenor House

I ENTHUSED in a marked manner last month, if you read it, about the new Grosvenor House supper-time show, "Grandfather's Follies." For colossal entertainment value and spectacle I gave it full marks, and statistics show that London agrees. Something like 10,000 people have paid their whacks to see it in five weeks. One man 's seen it eight times. C. B. Cochran says it 's one of the finest ever; and you 'll be able to see both it and its successor. On March 2nd they 're changing it a good deal and calling it "Grandfather's Further Follies." Earl Leslie and Flora Duane are still the leading lights. The Music Hall Boys, Three Admirals and Two Equillos will, I hope, string along on the new bill. And the Lovelies are sure to. The whole thing 's in costume of the 'nineties, and everybody 's in admirable fooling of the type you giggle yourself silly at.

And now they 've actually lowered the whack from the statutory guinea to a mere 15/6. Perhaps they just don't want the money, though it seems about as unbusinesslike as if the authorities made Kew Gardens free in the spring. Yes, white tie again, unless you 're in purely male company, when black is permitted.

Dancing to Lipton and his band; and the sort of music that makes your sister ask you to dance, faute de mieux.



Grandfather's Further Follies at Grosvenor House

Nightly at 10 p.m. and Midnight
(two entirely different Shows)

"The Dorchester"

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"Design for Laughter"

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With
Jack Harris & His Band

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American Broadcast from Ciro's

Ciro's

THIS is since your day. Anyhow, in its present form. It nestles at the back of the south side of Leicester Square, a tall niblick shot from the 400. Orange Street, to be exact. It is the evening rendezvous of the most élite of the town. For cocktails, dinner, dancing, floor-show and supper into the early hours. A club, mark you. But you 'll have to do something to get yourself fixed up if you 're going to do the rounds in a big way. Ciro's is unique.

Its floor-show is always likely to be the best and individually most expensive in London. Vi Bradley is there now, and she 'll continue for about a fortnight from to-day. After that, they 're undecided. They 're toying with names that really are names, and you 'd better watch form. Meanwhile, Vi Bradley packs them in, upstairs (needn't change) and down. She sings at the piano, is American, looks a bit like Joan Crawford, and is magnificent.

Jack Harris plays, and it may interest you to know that N.B.C. of America is broadcasting him direct over their network on Saturday evenings at 8, which is America's peak listening hour. That places him. The food deserves a paragraph of its own, but I can only say here that its excellence is out of all proportion to the charges. Ciro's is a must.

L'Auberge de France

Lucullus at the Auberge de France

THIS is certainly a new one on you. You remember the Haymarket Hotel? Well, that's become the Winston Hotel now, and considerable changes have taken place under a new management. For a time the restaurant upstairs was known as the Austria, and there was dancing. They had the Salzburg Grill along the passage. Now there is no more dancing, and the restaurant has become L'Auberge de France, under the superb and subtle direction of M. Dertu. He is a chef of long achievements in France and London, and he 's building L'Auberge up into one of the very best gourmets' roosts in town. Oh, yes, you can surely get a grand steak and chips there. But so you can elsewhere. What Dertu gives you without rivalry is French food cooked in the French manner, with wines of a greatness concomitant. Not for nothing did a great wine and food society choose his hospitality for their last memorable luncheon. Their name, Lucullus, was apt to their rendezvous.

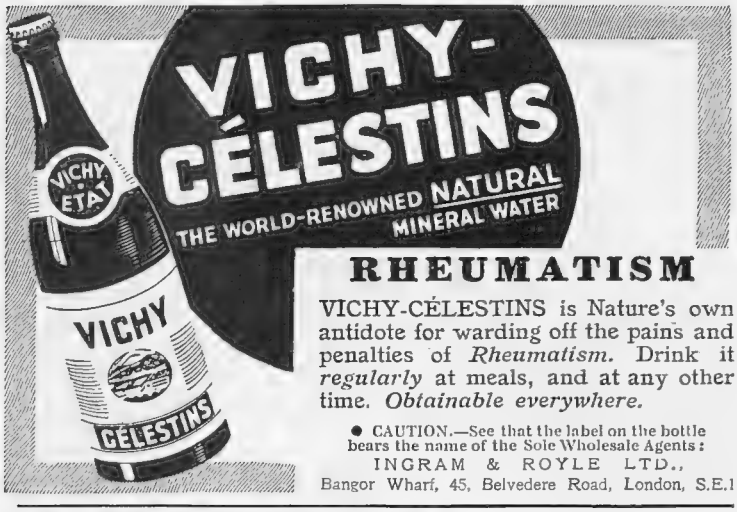
Have a look at that vast menu, those fine wines. Get Dertu to choose if you want. You won't find it sets you back too much. The service is good, the seating comfortable, and your fellow-guests will be of the interesting sort that find their way into mentions in the diary columns of the evening papers. Not only the fashion pages.

Look for that little door in Piccadilly Circus. You 'll like what it leads to.

Le Bon Viveur

THIS you know, because I 've taken you there myself. And, if you hadn't been off to foreign climes, you 'd have joined up. Yes, it 's still a club, and it 's still doing remarkably well in the same quiet way. Remembering the ephemeral appearance of the décor all those years back, you will be amused to know they haven't changed more than a signpost here, an orange-tree there, and a mural somewhere else. It 's still the South of France, and there has been no extension of premises, though membership goes up and up. That 's its charm.

Cryptic Message at the Bon Viveur



RHEUMATISM

VICHY-CÉLESTINS is Nature's own antidote for warding off the pains and penalties of *Rheumatism.* Drink it *regularly* at meals, and at any other time. *Obtainable everywhere.*

● CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the Sole Wholesale Agents:
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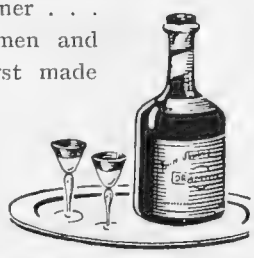

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., LTD., 12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH

or a large slice of it. Food remains quite excellent, and service quick and clever in such a small space. Davico runs the place still, suavely and friendlily as ever. You 'd better go and see if he can't do something for you this leave. He 'll remember you. He doesn't forget members or guests, and the latter generally join the ranks of the former before long.

Did *you* notice above the door of the bar that time those cryptic letters that our artist has got hold of? I must say I hadn't until the other day. Nor did I know their significance before it was too late. Which shows what a sheltered and unalcoholic life I lead.

Yes, they still dance in the evenings on that handkerchief-size floor. And if you decide to get married, you may like to be warned that Davico lets wives of members put the bill down.

Mr. Hans carving figures at Kempinski's

Kempinski's

THIS was going in your day, wasn't it? Not by long, though, and it has seen a change or two since the opening. The main restaurant is on the ground-level of Swallow Street, and downstairs there is the Tavern. Both places dispense music and light fooling in the evenings. The restaurant has Fred Aspinall and Jean Melville at two pianos. An excellent pair. Aspinall gets uproariously funny when he warms to it, and Jean Melville is always charming and at home. They are a fine excuse to sit long over tall glasses and cigars. While in the Tavern the atmosphere is a bit more informal, Castelly and Marjorie Dale keeping their playing and singing impromptu and unobtrusive.

They 're rather excited just now, and I think justifiably, about the Business Lunch they serve in the Tavern lately. 3/6, and everything visible, so that you don't lose your waiter through the swing-doors. Very quick, too, and the Kempinski food that you expect. It 's a great name in international restaurant business, Kempinski, and they do the honours to the dishes of all capitals in Europe. Not expensive. Their canard à la presse has the real Tour d'Argent touch, but is only 12/6 for, say, three of you. Riable de Lièvre is another special just now, too. Oh, and anything you can want, or remember from your European wanderings.

Hans Kempinski, who, with his son, Gerhardt, runs the great place, is, in his spare time, a skater of international fame. Which explains the picture.

Java is so bracing at the New Queen's

The New Queen's

THIS is another new one to you. Next door to the Empire Cinema in Leicester Square. There 's a bar proper and "Cresta" oyster ditto on ground-level. You can get snacks there, and Hamburgers and whatnot with speed and comfort. Downstairs is the Bierkeller, which is a vast and panelled room of many corners, nooks, and crannies, where wise men lunch and dine, and the younger set gather after their movies in the evenings, for savouries and great steins of beer.

Music is permanent. Java, who does the lunch-time driving of the band waggon, is a great hit with the ladies, who have probably come in the first instance on a recommendation to try the salads and light matinée dishes that the Bierkeller goes in for at midday. The next time they come it may be for any of these, or Java himself.

Incidentally, if ever you feel a vast hunger at lunch-time, remember that the Bierkeller offers what I think is unique round the West End: an Eat-What-You-Can system for 3/6. And they stick to the letter of this (oysters and such apart) in a truly noble way. You have the run of the whole menu, and it 's some menu. Don't forget it.

La Coquille

THIS you may remember, for local habitation purposes, as the Dieudonné. La Coquille has only been going a few months, and it 'll be a nice surprise for you. Strongly recommended for

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SATISFACTION!

"A Perfect Finish to a Good Dinner" MARTELL CORDON BLEU. A very fine Liqueur Brandy—guaranteed over 35 years in cask and then there's *Extra*—very expensive but Martell's finest Liqueur Brandy—70 years in cask.

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NEXT THE 'EMPIRE' LEICESTER SQUARE

KEMPINSKI'S

The most cosmopolitan restaurant in Mayfair, where a seventy-five years' tradition in the classic art of cooking is maintained by the famed Messrs. Hans and G. Kempinski. In the evening Jean Melville and Fred Aspinall, sensation on two pianos, will entertain you in the Savarin room. You may also dance after 10 p.m. Castelly and his piano and Marjorie Dale, the singing Cigarette Girl, will enchant and amuse you with their diversions in the tavern.

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Here indeed is the whisky par excellence—pure old Irish, uniform in quality at home and abroad and bottled only by the distillers.
You can ask for "Paddy" with confidence.

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lunches and dinners and the eating of the fare suggested in its name. Oysters, shellfish, scallops, mussels (very good, these), lobsters and such. Yes, and chicken, omelettes and soups, too. And you can get your steak as well, if you want it. Not to mention their pancakes, which are, by the way, even more of a bargain than the rest of their offerings.

M. Pagès runs it. He was with Prunier's for many years. He started La Coquille on the right foot and has kept it there. Generally full to waiting at lunch-time, and with amusing people of the arts. For St. Martin's Lane is in the centre of things theatrical and literary.

Prices are far from high. Mussels—e.g., 1/6 and a big dishful. Homard au Sherry Gratiné, 2/6. Three fresh pancakes "aflame" with special brandy, 1/6. Light wines are collaterally moderate, and much drunk here. Sancerre, Riesling, or the Chablis for your oysters. You can get them in baby bottles which come to

"Let's go to La Coquille for an omelette!"

a glass and a bit, for 1/- up. And the fine maison is well worth treating yourself to for 1/3.

Remember La Coquille for suppers if you're in that district after a theatre (and you're sure to be if you go to the right shows just now). Not glittering, but comfortable at that hour, and you can have your omelette and glass of what you will for perhaps 3/-, tout compris.

King's Silver Birch

I GOT the locale of this restaurant wrongly described in my last month's column. I put Soho Square where I meant Golden Square. But I'll assume you don't know your way to it; for it's another new one. Behind the Regent Palace Hotel, and just off Brewer Street, in Lower John Street, which goes up into Golden Square. You'll see the Neon sign.

A small room, with only a few tables. This isn't by any means a society place. Reporters—thank Heaven!—don't go here for their "I-met-Lady-Tomnoddy" paragraphs. The set lunch is 2/3, and that's not the standard of the rich, even after Excess Profits Taxes. Food is what one might call "good solid English," except that it's not solid in any but the best sense. And the chef is Swiss. But for sausage-and-mash before a Rugger match, or a mixed grill before a movie, with a pint of beer (sent out for), it's well worth your knowing. Don't say I said it was a show place, but take my tip about the food. And for a lightning, but full, theatre dinner it's not to be beaten.

Those ought to keep you well fed for a month. YOURS, EDAX.

L'AUBERGE DE FRANCE

London's latest FRENCH RESTAURANT

Fine Food perfectly served in quiet surroundings. Under direction of MONS. C. DERTU

PICCADILLY CIRCUS (Opposite London Pavilion)

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KINGS

Lunch and Dine at

KINGS

Lower John Street, Nr. Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

Good food, well cooked, quiet, restful surroundings.

Nearby car park. GERrard 6576.

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Kay Vaughan

Joy Andrews

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Andrews, of Beaconsfield Road, Blackheath, and is to marry George Roche Fearnley, eldest son of Harold Fearnley, F.R.C.S., and Mrs. Fearnley, of 103, Kidbrooke Grove, Blackheath

Pearl Freeman

Jane Mary Bannatyne

Is the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. F. C. Bannatyne, of Burnbank, Sandhurst, Berks.; she is engaged to John Francis Whiting, M.C., The Royal Regiment, youngest son of Captain and Mrs. J. H. Whiting, of Bisley Camp

Antony Roger

Helen Kahn

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Kahn, of 28, Dunstan Road, N.W.11; her fiancé is Daniel Lampert, son of Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lampert, of 31, Etchingham Park Road, N.3. Mrs. Percy Kahn is Olive Kavann, the broadcaster

Vandyk

Betty Chadwick

Is the eldest daughter of the Rev. R. M. and Mrs. Chadwick, of Forres, Swanage, and is engaged to William Ryle Wright, of Hawk's House, Brierfield, Lancs., only son of the late William Ryle Wright and Mrs. Wright, of 38, Cleveland Square, W.C.2

Catherine Bell

Lena Davies

Elizabeth Helena (Lena) Davies, daughter of Mr. J. Davies, C.B.E., Newfoundland Commissioner in London, and Mrs. Davies, of 157, Victoria St., S.W.1, is engaged to J. A. Picton Bagge, son of Mr. and Mrs. Picton Bagge, of Stradsett Hall, Norfolk

Lenare

Maureen King

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. King, of 19, Cadogan Court, Sloane Square, and will marry, in Karachi Philip de Carteret, only son of Mr. and Mrs. V. de Carteret, late of Highland, Exmouth

Pearl Freeman

Joan Denise Lamb

Is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Lamb, of Pedlars, Mark Cross, Sussex, and is to marry Michael Barry Potter, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Potter, of 44, Furze Lane, Purley, Surrey

Pearl Freeman

Olga Alvine Klingenberg

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Klingenberg, of 3, Mapesbury Road, N.W.2, and is to marry Alex Tucker, of 26, Wilton Road, S.W.1. She is captain of the Ladies' Carlton squash team

Catherine Bell

Diana Mainwaring-Williams

Is the daughter of the late Major Herbert Mainwaring-Williams, D.S.O., R.A.V.C., and Mrs. Grace Mainwaring-Williams, of 53, Queen's Gate, S.W., and is engaged to F. James Fielding, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Fielding, of Lamorna, Tuffley Avenue, Glos.

Vandyk

Phœbe Marriott

Is the elder daughter of Colonel and Mrs. S. C. Marriott, of Kenley, Surrey; her engagement is announced to Flt.-Lieut. Francis M. Loudon, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Loudon, of Wear Bay Road, Folkestone

Catherine Bell

Isabelle Thiselton-Dyer

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thiselton-Dyer, of 22, Sandringham Court, W.9, and is engaged to Malcolm James Stewart, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Stewart, of Kingscroft, Crooked Usage, Finchley

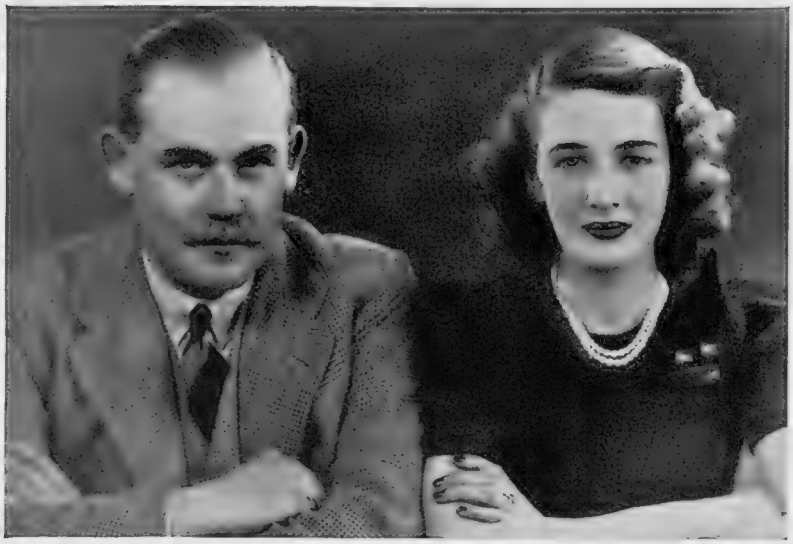
Pearl Freeman

Rosalind Rowsell

Is the only daughter of the late Rev. T. N. Rowsell and Mrs. Rowsell, of 55, Hervey Road, Blackheath; she will marry in Durban on March 8th Francis Ranken, eldest son of Wing-Commander and Mrs. Ranken, of 14, Douglas Crescent, Edinburgh

(Continued overleaf)

Getting Married *(Continued)*



Pearl Freeman

Thomas Adam and Anne Patricia Holcroft

Thomas Adam, the Gordon Highlanders, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Adam, of Denmore, Aberdeenshire; Anne Patricia Holcroft is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Roy Holcroft, of Little Court, Sonning, Berkshire. Their engagement was announced last year; they are to be married in the summer

Fayer

John Aubrey-Fletcher and Diana Egerton

Diana Egerton is the only child of the late Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Egerton, Coldstream Guards, and Mrs. Robert Bruce, of Bentworth Lodge, Alton. She is to marry John Henry Lancelot Aubrey-Fletcher, eldest son of Major Sir Henry Aubrey-Fletcher, Bt., D.S.O., M.V.O., and Lady Aubrey-Fletcher, of Chilton House, Aylesbury

Hay

Patrick Yorke and Annette Joan Skelton

This engaged couple were photographed at a ball in Yorkshire, Patrick Roland Yorke's home county. His parents are Captain and Mrs. H. R. Yorke, of Holly Croft, Brompton by Sawdon, Yorks.; his fiancée, Annette Joan Ryland Skelton, is the only daughter of the late Robert and Mrs. Skelton, of Pitt Cottage, Roehampton

Fayer

David Huxley and Anne Schenck

It is an Anglo-American engagement announced between David Bruce Huxley and Anne Remsen Schenck. He is the son of the late Leonard Huxley, Ll.D., and Mrs. Huxley, of 16, Bracknell Gardens, Hampstead; she is the only daughter of the late Frederic Schenck and Mrs. Schenck, of New York and Lenox, Mass., U.S.A.

Clinch — Palmer

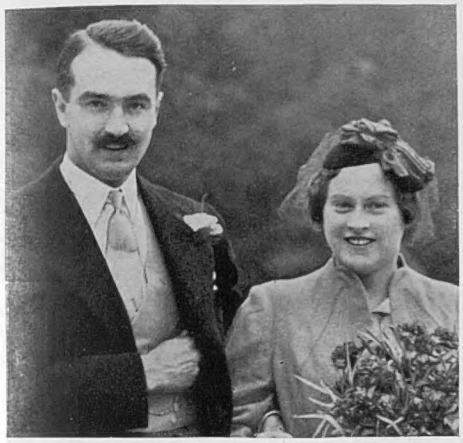
At St. Edward's, Windsor, Captain Andrew Daniel Clinch, K.O.Y.L.I., younger son of the late Dr. A. D. Clinch, of Dublin, and Mrs. Clinch, of Iver Heath, Bucks., married Bridget Barbara Wenna Dorney Palmer, eldest daughter of Colonel C. H. D. Palmer, of Dorney Court, Bucks., and the late Mrs. Wenna Palmer

Bednall — Abbott

It was an Australian wedding at St. Anthony's, Radlett, Herts., between Colin Blore Bednall, son of the late E. B. Bednall and Mrs. Bednall, of Melbourne and Adelaide, Australia, and Hilda Marian Abbott, daughter of the Hon. C. L. A. and Mrs. Abbott, of Government House, Darwin, North Australia. The bride was given away by Lord Stonehaven, a former Australian Governor-General

Crowther — Govan

It was a St. James's, Piccadilly, wedding between John Godsell Crowther, elder son of the late G. A. Crowther and Mrs. Crowther, of Birchville Court, Bushey Heath, Hertfordshire, and Pamela Marian Govan, daughter of the late Major D. M. Govan and Mrs. Govan, of 42B, Canfield Gardens, N.W.6



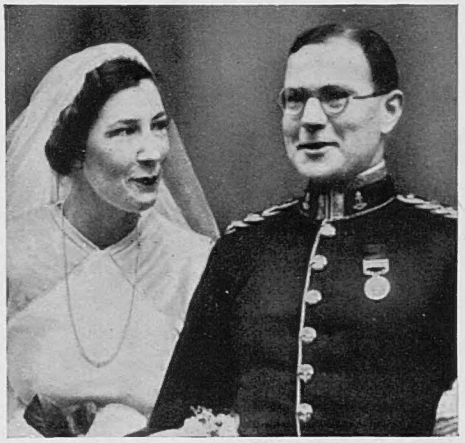
Dennis Moss

Thorneycroft — Sellors

George Wallace Thorneycroft, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Thorneycroft, of Chalmington, Dorchester, and Hazel Margaret Sellors, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Sellors, of Mill House, Rendcomb, Cirencester, were married at Cirencester

de Hochepied Larpent — Johnson

It was a Colchester wedding between Capt. L. D. A. de Hochepied Larpent, Adjutant, 5th Fusiliers, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. de H. Larpent, of The Moat, Copford, Colchester, and Miss P. Johnson, daughter of Maj.-Gen. D. G. Johnson, V.C., D.S.O., O.M.C., and Mrs. Johnson, of the Abbey House, Colchester



Spearman — Sinclair

Captain Leo Spearman, 9th Jat Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Spearman, of Jersey, C.I., married Mary Amore Sinclair at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. She is the eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. Meurice Sinclair, of 29, Westleigh Avenue, S.W.15

Irvine — Pantlin

John Laird Irvine and Eleanor Diana Pantlin were married at St. Mary's, Chelsea. He is the son of the late Captain J. L. G. Irvine, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and Mrs. Kenneth Ireland. She is the twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Pantlin, of 59, Portland Court, W.1

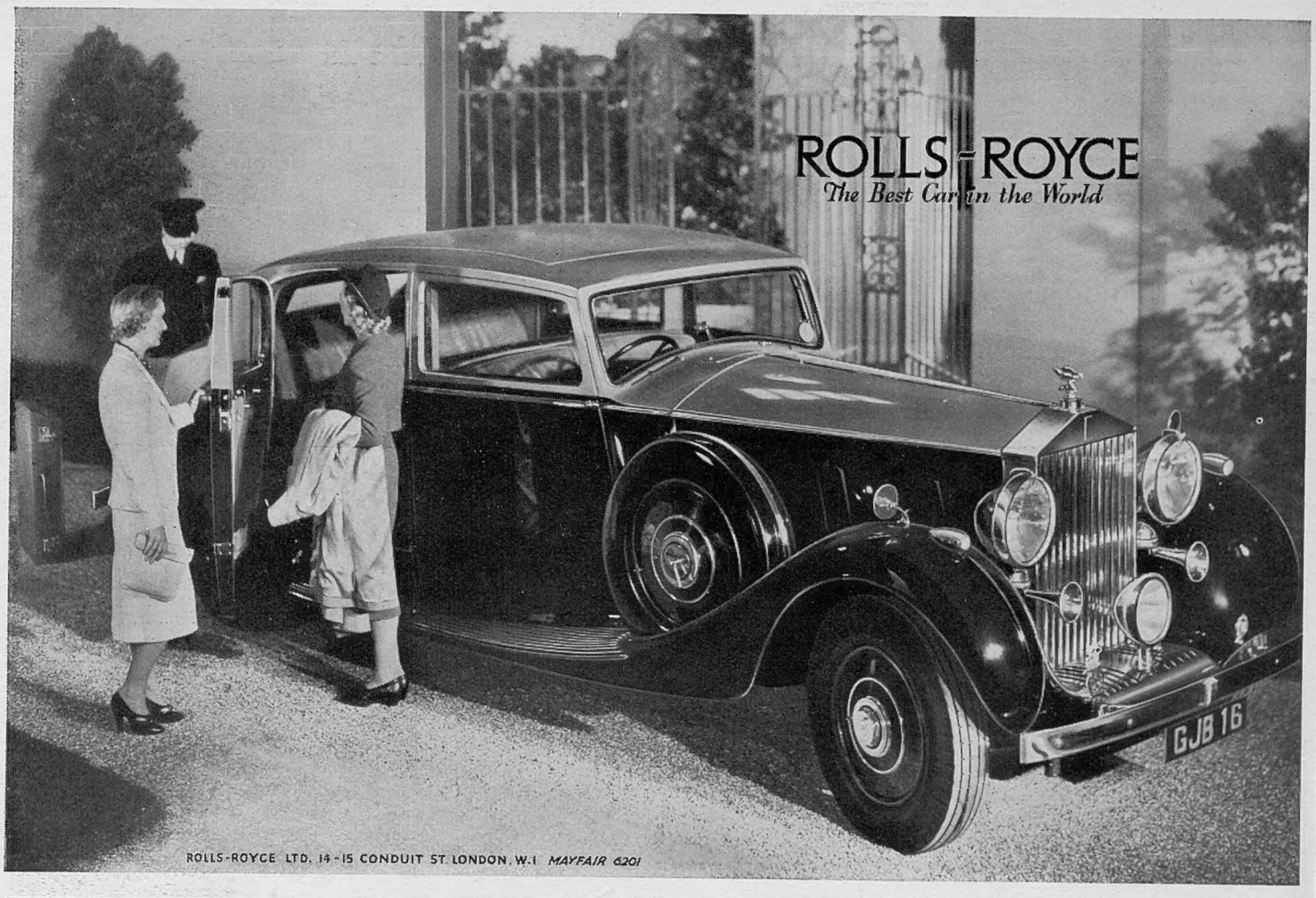
Abery

Gray-Cheape — Thomas

Leslie George Gray-Cheape, Seaforth Highlanders, son of the late Lieut.-Col. H. A. Gray-Cheape and Mrs. Gray-Cheape, of Carse Gray, Forfar, and Dorothy Evelyn Thomas, second daughter of Captain and the late Mrs. E. Aubrey Thomas, of Cefndyrys, Builth Wells, Brecon, were married at St. Mary's, Builth Wells

Hughman — Macharg

Captain Basil St. Leger Hughman, The Loyal Regiment, elder son of Sir Montague and Lady Hughman, of Rostellan, Castlemaine Avenue, South Croydon, married Jessie Kinniburg Macharg, at All Souls', Langham Place. She is the daughter of the late John Macharg, of Glasgow, and Mrs. Macharg, of Eastbourne



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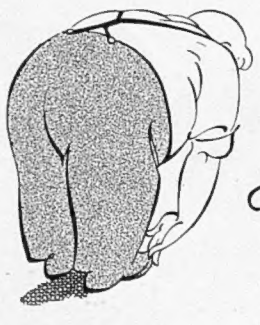

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